

"Those EXTRAORDINARY Bennetts" — PAGE 18

Silver Screen

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OCTOBER

LARGEST
NEWSSTAND
SALE OF
ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE

MARLENE DIETRICH
in "The Blonde Venus"



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For daily use to sanitize, stimulate and deodorize mouth and gums. Price 75c.



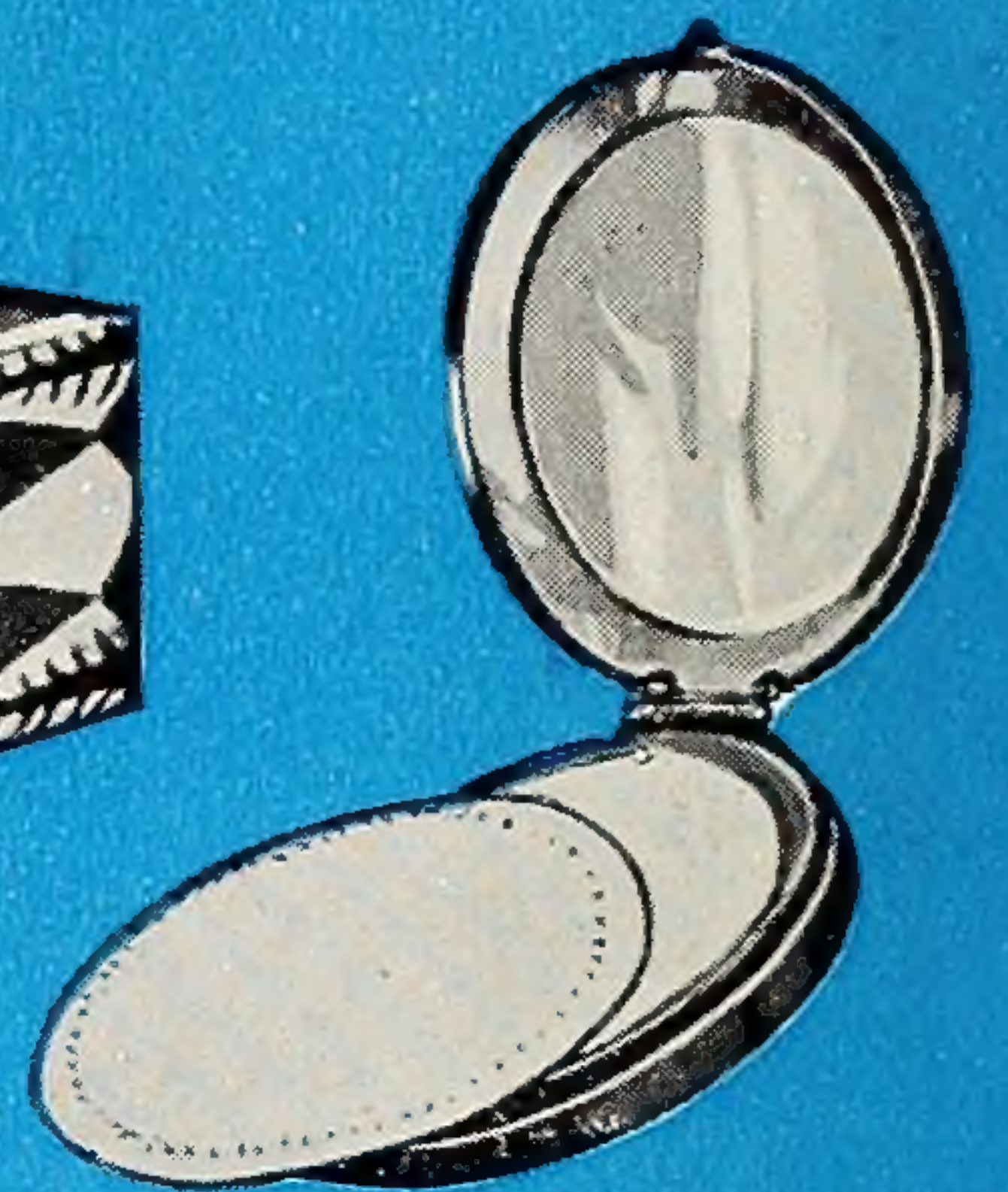
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MOONGLO "COCO" SHAMPOO
Will make your hair responsive to good treatment and gain in beauty and richness. Price \$1.00

\$10.95 WORTH
FOR 97¢ PLUS POSTAGE

11 ARTICLES YOU NEED FOR BEAUTY!

ALL 11 ARTICLES ONLY **97¢** PLUS POSTAGE
SEND NO MONEY PAY ON DELIVERY

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON

MOONGLO PRODUCTS CO., Dept. SL
303 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please rush the Moonglo Beauty Package containing 11 full store size cosmetics. I enclose no money but will pay postman only 97c, plus postage.

Name
Address
City
Complexion

Every Item Much Larger Than Illustrated

The famous MOONGLO name stands for guaranteed full value, real, genuine products. It always pays to use the best, and that is what you will find in the Cosmetic Combination advertised here. Add these ELEVEN essential items to your toilet group.

The finest quality. Full size containers. Ample quantity. If you were to buy these separately at retail prices, you would probably have to pay \$10.95 for them.

As an introduction we will mail this complete beauty outfit to the first 2500 Silver Screen Readers who ask for it for only 97c plus postage. We cannot guarantee any more sets.

THESE WOULD COST AT LEAST \$10.95 IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY AT MARKED RETAIL PRICES

Be one of the lucky 2500. You will be proud of possessing these aids to beauty. Let nothing stop you from sending your order today. Time is the essence of all things, and you might lose the chance to get this wonderful combination at the bargain price, unless you act at once.

DON'T WAIT. We may never again be able to repeat this offer. Each toilet article is well worth more than the 97 cents you will pay for ALL OF THEM.

Send no money—just fill in coupon and mail NOW. If you do not want to cut the coupon just send a letter or postcard. But do it now.

Moonglo Products Co., Dept. SL, 303 Fourth Ave., New York

CHANDU..He Lives on the Screen!

The sensational CHANDU, The Magician, greatest of all radio mystery thrillers NOW on the screen—thanks to Fox Film. Millions have sat spellbound, listening to the exploits of daring of this super magic maker—NOW you can both see and hear and CHILL with CHANDU and his further adventures in this marvelous Fox Film.



IRENE WARE • BELA LUGOSI • HENRY B. WALTHALL

DIRECTED BY MARCEL VARNEL AND
WILLIAM C. MENZIES

A F O X P I C T U R E

The OPENING CHORUS



Mary Carlisle, who goes places.

LISTEN:—

ADOLPHE MENJOU says that Helen Hayes is the greatest actress in the world and that every moment on the set with her is a pleasure and an education. Now that's what we call the perfect compliment. By the way, did you know that Adolphe commanded an American ambulance unit in Italy during the war? While you are watching his superb performance in "Farewell to Arms" remember that . . . Miriam Hopkins' adopted son is only a few months old. The picture she is going to do with Clark Gable has been changed from "No Bed of Her Own" to "No Man of Her Own" just to please the Hays' office who are squeamish about beds . . . Jimmy Durante denounces the Barrymore profile as being pikerish compared to his'n . . . Claudette Colbert's exotic costume in "The Sign of the Cross" had to be fitted by a tinsmith, and you should see the size of the shears that were used to cut it out. If you lived in Rome in Nero's time I guess a couple of old fenders would have made you a darn good bungalow apron . . . Freddie March is calling the de Mille picture "The Sign of the Double Cross" and he'll have you know he has a good reason for calling it that . . . You just ought to see Freddie with his hair curled . . . Helen Hayes is only five feet tall . . . Leslie Howard is wild about swimming but has never learned to dive . . . Leslie's little son is the "spittin' image" of his old man . . . Kay Francis likes creamed ham and she dunks bread in the cream when it's soupy . . . Dickie Moore is crazy about Josef Von Sternberg which makes him practically unique . . . George Brent has bought a new engagement ring for Ruth Chatterton and is counting the days until her boat docks . . . Bing Crosby has an Olympic blue sweater which has all the girls gasping . . . Ann Harding, not Irene Dunne, will appear opposite Leslie Howard in "Animal Kingdom".

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER 1932

VOLUME TWO
NUMBER TWELVE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MARLENE DIETRICH
By JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



HAROLD LLOYD

in

"MOVIE CRAZY"

with

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

Happiness for Millions Everywhere! . . .
Entertainment for Everybody! . . . You'll
laugh and forget your troubles! . . . the
King of Comedy at his Very Best! . . . Fresh,
fast, gloriously funny! . . . See it - - - sure!

A Paramount Release

Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR,

PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

The MIRACLE of BEAUTY!



Constance Bennett is the perfect example of the poised, modern, independent type.

There is a Secret
Known to Every
Beautiful Girl!

A New Beauty
Page Conducted
by
**Natalie
Neff**

BE YOUR own true, charming self.

In case you don't know it, *you are a type!* In spite of the individuality which separates every human being from the rest of the species, there are a good many classifications of girls (moving picture producers all recognize this fact) and each one of us belongs in her own special classification. Which one is yours?

Are you shy and demure or are you a tom-boy and in-for-anything? Are you serious or gay, provocative or deeply soulful? Questions such as these concern your *temperament* and must be given consideration when selecting your own type. If you haven't thought of it before, you'll find, just as I did, that you are rather bewildered, for it is so difficult to "see ourselves as others see us" (as our old friend Robert Burns so wisely said).

Once you have decided upon the momentous question of your type, a whole world of ideas opens up to you which will enhance the perfection of your personality. For the *type* of girl which you are is the foundation on which all your make-up, clothes and method of dressing your hair must be built.

"But," you exclaim, "how on earth am I to know which type I am?" The easiest way to select your own particular sort of outward personality is to study the screen stars and at the same time compare yourself with them.

When you saw Connie Bennett in "What Price Hollywood," did you notice the animation and gaiety, the flash of her smile and the saucy cut of those bangs? They were all new to Connie on the screen and she was an entirely different Connie from the heroine of "Lady With a Past." Her famous poise and grace was still there, but there was an added warmth and vivacity which her former pictures had not shown. This was the *real* Connie. She has always been known among her friends as a "life-of-the-party" sort of girl and the fact that she was allowed to *be herself* explains why she "clicked" with us all. Perhaps *you* are a Connie Bennett!

Or, take Janet Gaynor in "The First Year"—a quiet, sweet little girl, but with lots of spunk. In her there is a lovable sincerity entirely free from the seductive subtlety of other favorites.

The Garbo type of sophistication is usually cold, aloof and mysterious (although, she certainly was alive as well as enticing in "As You Desire Me," wasn't she?) as against the sleek, witty and alluring Karen Morley who fascinates us in "The Washington Masquerade."

Which one are you?

Remember, that it is not *necessarily* the one who is your favorite who is your type, for opposites very often attract. Look at your face—have you high cheek-bones and a long, sad face or a bright, round little face which twinkles with laughter? Notice the expressions and which are your best features. Are your inclinations to be calm and dignified or gay, talkative and full of pep?

Now step over to a long mirror and let me see you. Are you tall and willowy, small and dainty, medium and plump? Even these characteristics must influence your make-up and coiffure for they are important in making you the *type* of girl you are. You don't want to put a Clara Bow face on a Garbo body, nor a Joan Crawford face on a Janet Gaynor figure, do you?

When you have selected your type, let's

see what little tricks the clever Hollywood ladies use to bring out the very best in themselves. If you are the soft, feminine type you will notice that gentle touches are best for you—no vivid lips and heavily darkened lashes—freshness and naturalness of coiffure instead of a severe and dashing cut. If you are dark and striking, with the voluptuousness of a Lupe Velez or Del Rio, you have more leeway in creating effects with your make-up and hair. Your colors may be brighter and your hair more daring.

Eyebrows are occupying a large slice of the lime-light these days in the art of make-up. When a girl of the fascinating Garbo-Bankhead-Dietrich-Crawford school shapes her eyebrows into just the right questioning curves which seem to say, "Yes or no, my boy?"—she has made herself *harmonious*, and harmony is beauty!

For a girl of the gay, sparkling type with a lusty laugh, a jolly smile and flashing eyes, emphasis on those beckoning lips and twinkling eyes will accentuate her best features and she must beware of the studied type of make-up which would make her self-conscious.

Hollywood knows all these things instantly and that is why you have seen so many *seeming* miracles performed in the appearance of the screen stars. It was amazing to see those pictures in the beauty article of our August issue, wasn't it? Greta Garbo when she first arrived in Hollywood, Joan Crawford, Connie Bennett and Clara Bow when they first appeared on the lot—and then photographs of them as they look to us to-day. But if you will look sharply, you will see that what Hollywood has done for these girls is not to *change* them, but to *bring them out*, enhance every ounce of individual beauty they possessed by employing just the right accents in make-up, the most suitable arrangement of the hair, taking off a superfluous pound or adding curves to a girl who tended to be a bit too lean. (The process is a fascinating one about which we hope to tell you more some day soon.)

All of which means that, when you're about to have a "big moment," planning a campaign to ensnare that young man who intrigues you so, or interviewing someone about a grand job—in order to completely "*click*," you must know what type you are and stick to it. I say—be yourself!

"AIR MAIL"

A Daring Drama of the Air Mail

GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by **JOHN FORD**

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



"You're Telling Me?"

Here's a New Department! Letters Filled with Love and Hisses are Welcome and May Win Prizes. Let Us in on Your Thoughts.

First Prize

"WHEN I do not like the picture, I watch the audience," says L. Mann of Berks Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "I saw a little boy put his arm through his mother's and snuggle up close when the 'worst boy in town' in 'Young America' stood before the judge."

Second Prize

"CHOP—chop here. Chop—chop there. Here chop. There chop. Everywhere chop—chop. Just a best seller being heartlessly maimed for the screen." Thus E. A. Warren of Mt. Hope, Washington, laments the passage through the meat chopper of Mrs. Barnes' beautiful story "Westward Passage," the Ann Harding picture. Should have titled it "Westward Sausage."

Third Prize

"THE efforts of the film advertising departments to be sensational," says Kay Beckwith of Seattle, Wash., "are ridiculous. If Cinderella's romance ever comes to the screen it will probably be billed as *She Loitered With a Prince—The Searing, Soul-Searching Story of a Kitchen Maid*." How about:—"Sin—Sin—Cinderella!"

PICTURES have gone to pots, thinks Mrs. W. L. Potts of Fresno, Calif. "Face slapping that Cagney and Gable started is too common, and when Ann Harding slaps her husband, well I rebel. It's just not done by decent people." Wait, Mrs. Potts, your revenge comes in "Skyscraper Souls." Maureen O'Sullivan gets slapped back.

"DO you realize," catechisms George Lenz of Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, "that if it were not for the movies some of us would never see broadcasting as in 'Are You Listening?' bootlegging as in 'The Wet Parade,' Hollywood as in 'The Lost Squadron.'" But we notice, George, that you didn't find anything strange about the hot Hollywood love!

"WE FANS," fans T. Eastman of Los Angeles, Calif., "want to see a photograph of that youngster of Norma Shearer's. As long as stars remain in the limelight they should oblige their fans. Then we'll turn out 100% to see 'Strange Interlude.'" Wait, can't yer, the young fellow probably has not found a story to suit him.

"AFTER seeing 'What Price Hollywood' I feel as if I had lived in Hollywood all my life. Now I can read screen articles with complete understanding," writes Howard C. Rempes, Jr., of Youngstown, Ohio. "If Constance Bennett, George Cukor and David O. Selznick will kindly step forward, we will turn the spotlight on

them until they become as sunburned as the Brown Derby."

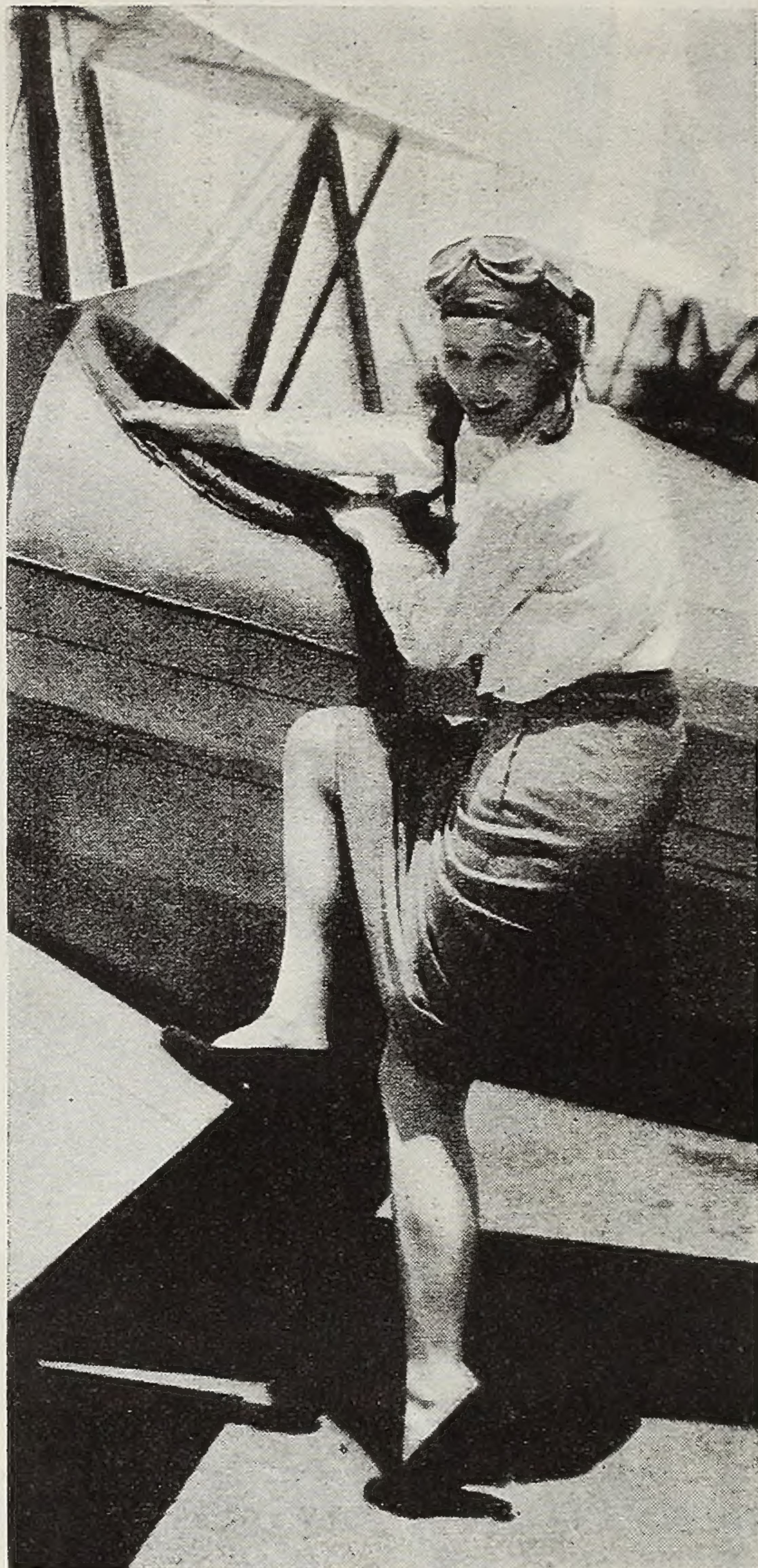
MISS MARY DOYLE of Ashley Street, Hartford, Conn., writes—"These sexy pictures are wholly indecent. I should think the producers would have brains enough to know they won't make money that way. Me for Janet Gaynor." Wait, Mary, we'll go with you.

MARSHALL B. MILLS of West Cedar Street, Boston, Mass. writes—"Lady and Gent' moved us so that we are proud to belong to the human race. A pleasant change from the ballyhoo of 'Lingering Lips,' and 'Lithe Legs.' We are grateful when producers assume we have some brains. It takes a little thought to get the best flavor from Life." What flavor was it? We'll take vanilla.

LILLIAN BIALLY of Union Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., writes—"Once the villain always lost. Nowadays the hero always loses. So, of course, Ramon Novarro in 'Huddle' does not make the winning touchdown. What's the use! Back to the old conventions, say I. At least then the hero was a real hero." You see, Lil, ridicule was hurled upon them for winning every time. Then Dick Arlen made a hit as a loser in "Touchdown" and so the heroes all started running in the other direction. Anything to escape a laugh.

JAMES HENRY SMALLEY of Little Street, Fort Scott, Kansas, has worked out a depression cure. "Start producing pictures that are happy and jolly so as to leave people in a jolly good humor," he advises. Your idea must have leaked out, James, for Harold Lloyd is coming down the road with "Movie Crazy" and as the poet saith "Hark, Hark, the Marx."

RAYMOND QUINN of Holyoke, Mass., is Cagney conscious. "The Hollywood people should give James Cagney a chance. They should put him in a picture in which he can show his talent." We presume, Mr. Quinn, you are referring to Dr. Cagney, the surgeon who cut the best two-handed scrapper out of pictures.



What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize, and \$5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

Gloria Stuart climbs aboard her 2 place job to give Universal's "Air Mail" and our department a flying start.

"SOME of us notice the unknown actor in the small parts. There's that chap who played in 'As You Desire Me.' Remember? The young fellow who came under the heading 'The Nursery.' Who is he?" asks Miss R. V. Weiss of South 19th Street, Newark, N. J. His name is Roland Varno. Is this the beginning of a beautiful friendship?

"THE FANS would like to see Jean Harlow in some real pictures," writes Linda Bennett of Dixon, Ky. "We would like her better as a sweet girl." "Red-Headed Woman" is one of the great successes. Jean is doing pretty well! Huh?

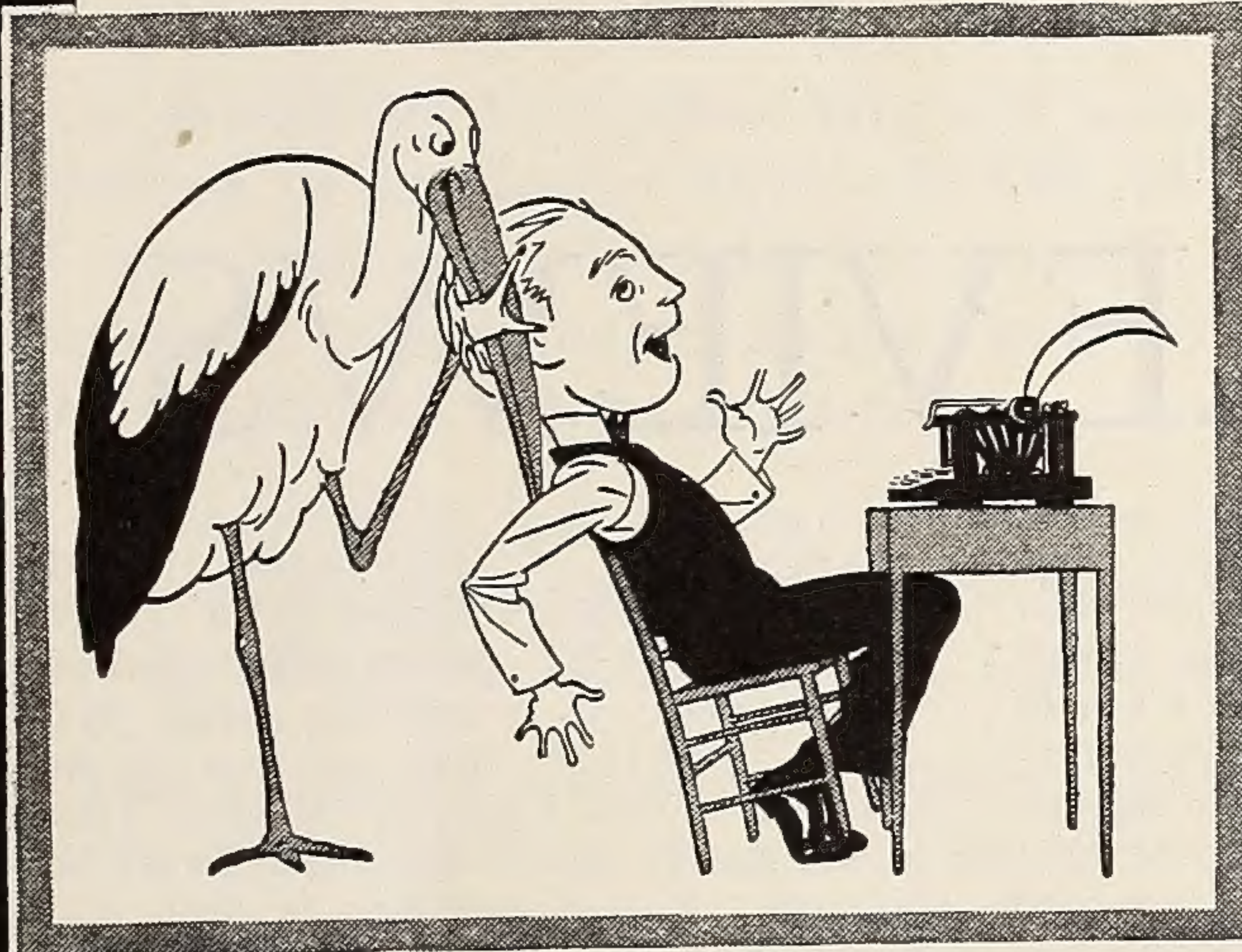
KATHERINE FISHER of Bland Drive, St. Louis, Mo., writes warm words about George Brent. "His naturalness almost borders on shyness but has a touch of *savoir faire* which saves him from being just another heart throbber." There you are, George. Kick in, Katherine says you're shy.

"JUST to see Jimmie Cagney walk across the stage is heaven to me," confesses Ellen McDonald of South 22nd Street, Louisville, Ky. All right, Ellen, we'll put a light in the window for Jimmie.

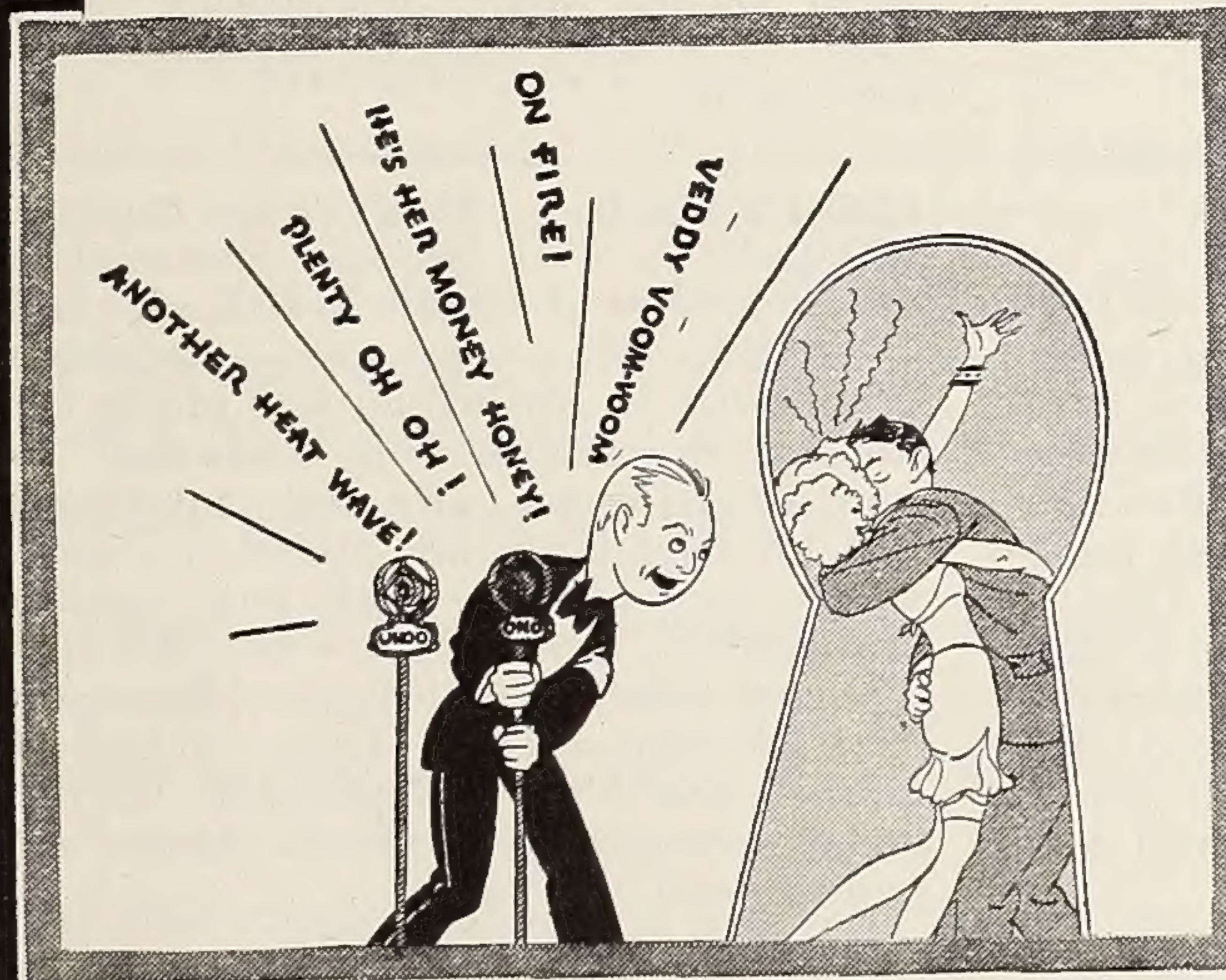
HAZEL A. CLARKE of Greensburg, Pa., writes—"No need to hesitate about taking the children if it is a Richard Dix picture. The story may be ugly—a war picture perhaps—but there will be no disgusting, embarrassing scenes! Instead, there will surely be something fine, something worth while to take home, a bit more Faith, Hope or Love perhaps." Good, Hazel Clarke, well said! By the way, perhaps you know a friend of ours, Hazelnut? Oh, well, it's a big family.



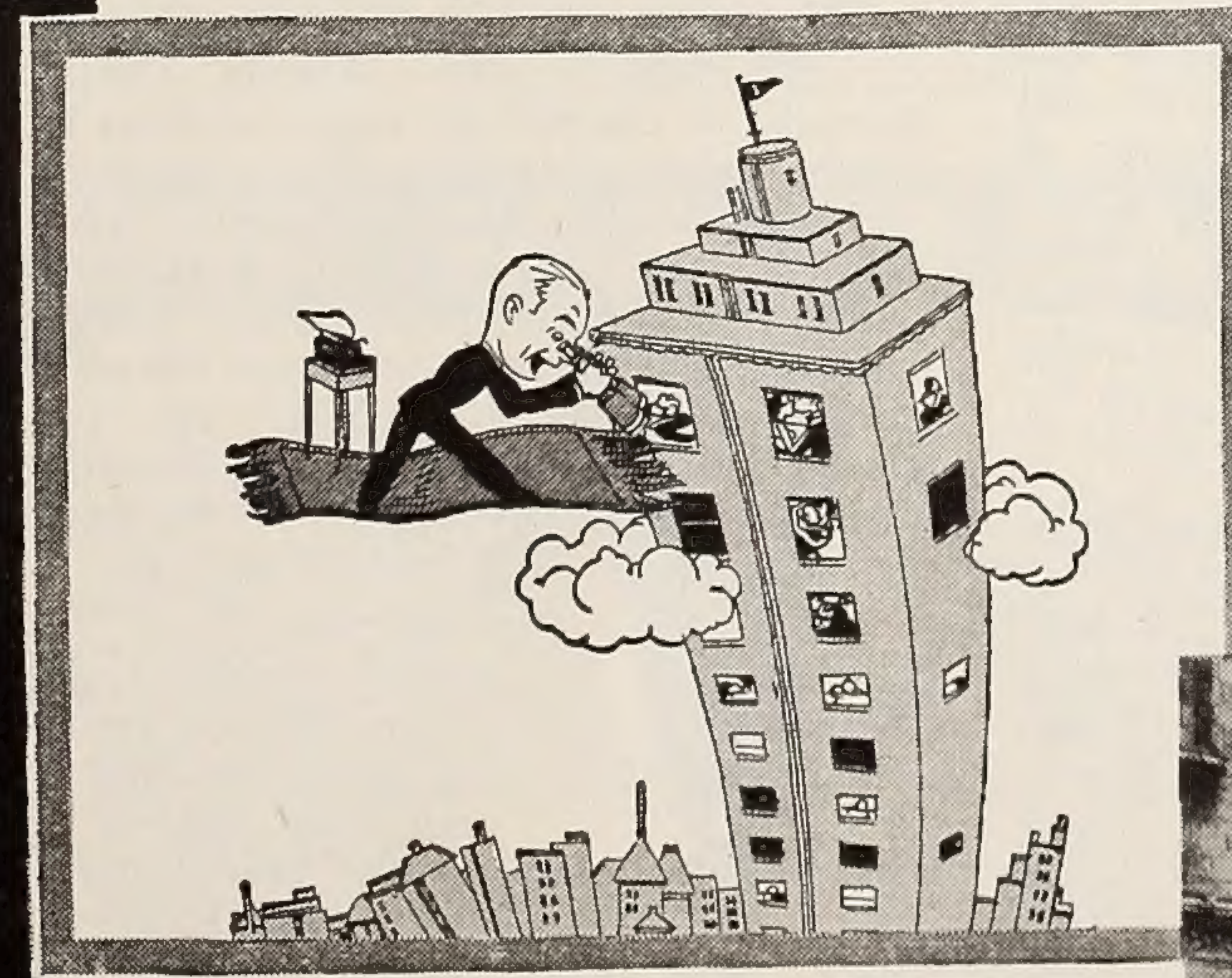
He has bedroom eyes—
and a nose for news...



Predicts babies like the weather
bureau predicts the weather...

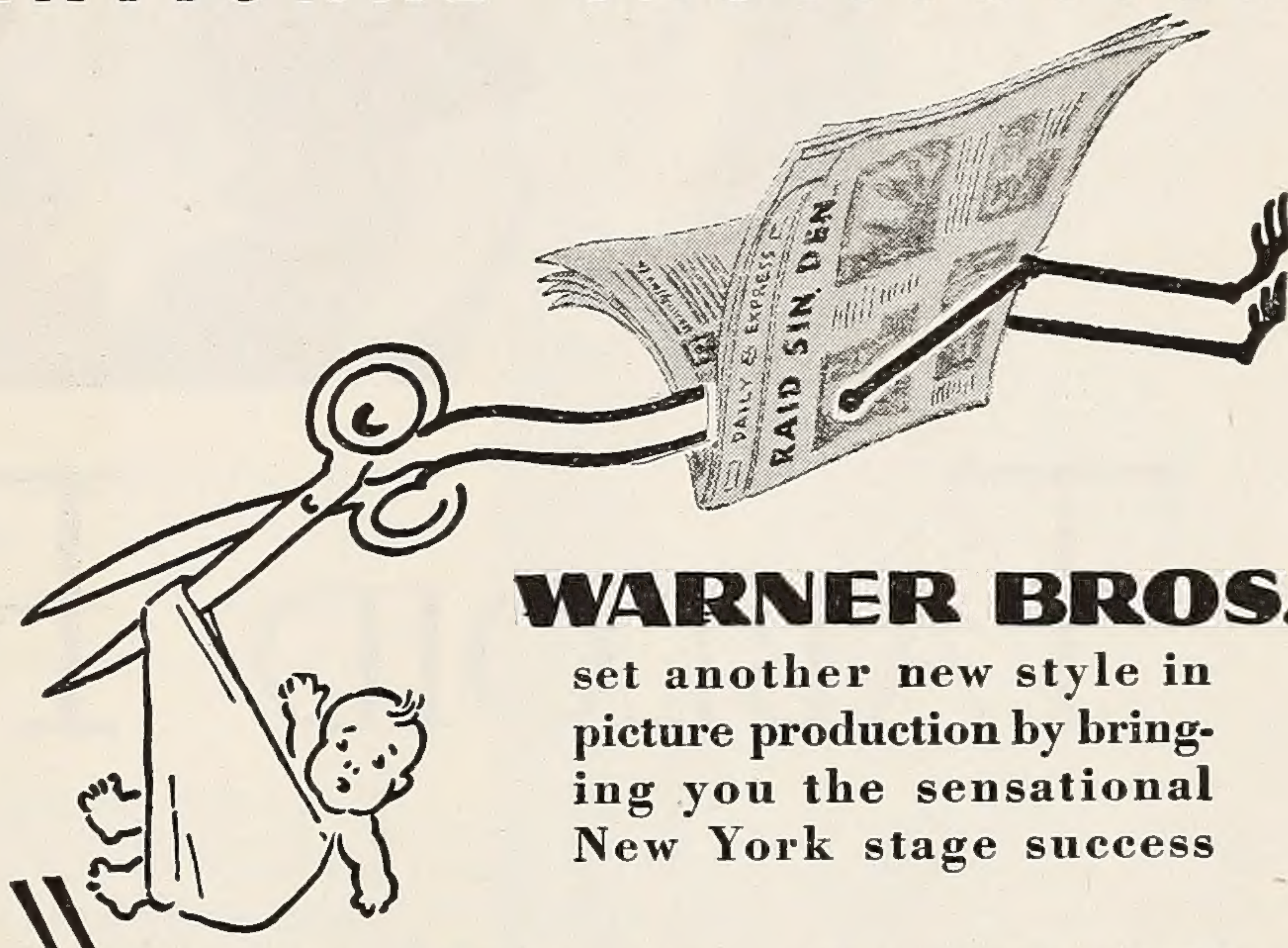


Sells scandal by the square inch—and
cleans up in the shock market...



Sees all—knows all—
and tells everything!

Here it is! The scandalous comedy
of a scandal columnist who rose
**FROM A KEYHOLE TO A
NATIONAL INSTITUTION**



WARNER BROS.

set another new style in
picture production by bring-
ing you the sensational
New York stage success

BLESSED EVENT

with **LEE TRACY** **MARY BRIAN**

DICK POWELL

Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH**



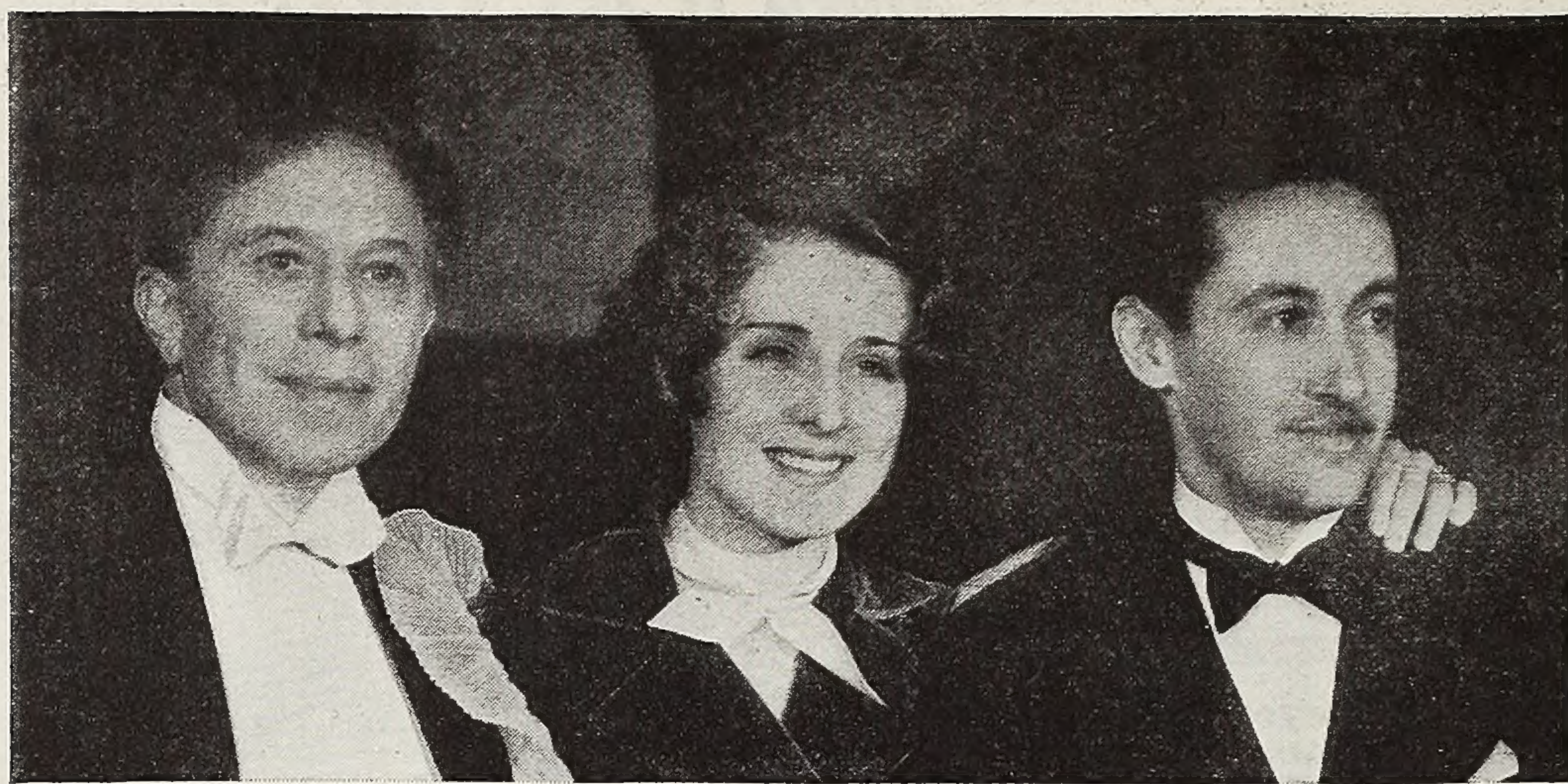
The famous Longacre
Theatre where New York
crowded to pay \$3.30 a
seat to see "Blessed Event"

The private life of the
man who abolished pri-
vacy...The lowdown on
the Gossip King whose
name bounced from
Broadway 'round the
world!...Take the *Los
Angeles Times*' word for
it—"it's the best screen
entertainment seen in
many a day" . . . By all
means watch for your
theatre's announce-
ment of this great hit.



WARNER BROS.

will bring you the new season's
biggest thrills!



Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, being escorted by Sid Grauman into his theatre at the opening of "Strange Interlude," Norma's great picture.

TABLOID REVIEWS

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS

Amusing
(Fox)

Adolphe Menjou is delightful as the wealthy, old bachelor who gets roped into marriage with Joan Marsh, a beautiful but dumb flapper. This marriage had been engineered by Minna Gombell, Joan's sister. An highly athletic honeymoon follows, which all but cripples Menjou. Alan Dinehart, Menjou's partner, deftly steers Joan into the arms of a younger man and then Menjou marries Irene Purcell, his charming secretary.

BIG CITY BLUES

Fair

(Warner-First Nat'l)

Eric Linden comes to New York with a little money and a lot of dreams. He is taken for a sap, deprived of his money and his dreams and also falsely accused of murder. Joan Blondell plays a chorus girl with a heart of gold. She falls for Eric but will not go back to the country with him. Joan and Eric are fine but they can't do much with this yarn, even with the support of Guy Kibbee and Jobyna Howland.

BLESSED EVENT

Excellent

(Warner-First Nat'l)

Reminiscent of the Winchell-Rudy Vallee feud of last year is the columnist-crooner "mad" in this picture. Lee Tracy plays the scandal-disher *de luxe*, and gives you the low-down on the key-hole tricks of the columnists so that you may see just how those "blessed event" rumors get going. It is a fast-moving, fast-talking story, cram full of gags and wise-cracks that leave you weak from laughing. Don't miss it.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

Marvelous

(Radio)

Skill and brains and fists are called into play continuously in this fine animal picture—but no guns are called into action. Starting from Singapore, Frank Buck and his expedition traveled thru the Malayan jungle capturing—alive—all types of wild animals. Amazing, thrilling battles have been caught at close range. It is filmed unpretentiously, and yet what a wallop it packs! Don't miss it. It is primitive realism at its best.

GRAND HOTEL

Perfect

(M-G-M)

Meet the superb Garbo as Grusinskaya, the apathetic dancer, whose career is on the wane, and see how eagerly she responds to the love-making of the

handsome Baron (John Barrymore) who enters her room to steal her pearls but takes her love instead; and Preysing (Wallace Berry) the financier caught in a net of his own weaving; Kringelein (Lionel Barrymore) the sick man who is spending his life's savings to enjoy one real fling at life; and last, but not least, meet Joan Crawford as Flaemmchen, the pretty stenographer who nonchalantly sells herself because, after all, money is so essential. Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall are also in this fine picture.

LADY AND GENT

Excellent

(Paramount)

A swell yarn about a rough and ready pair who come to the worldly village of Iron-ton to stay two hours but remain twenty years instead. Wynne Gibson gives a remarkable interpretation of Puff, the wise-cracking night club hostess, and Bancroft, her boy-friend, is grand as the dumb pugilist. As Bancroft's manager, James Gleason gives a deft performance. In Iron-ton Wynne and Bancroft adopt a waif and stay "put" until he is grown and educated. The story is entertaining and different. Put it down as one of those things you "must see."

PURCHASE PRICE, THE

Poor

(Warner-First Nat'l)

Barbara Stanwyck plays a Broadway torch-singer who wants to "get away from it all." So she changes places with a house-maid who has answered a matrimonial advertisement, and goes out West to become the bride of George Brent, a farmer. How true love finally comes to these two is the nucleus of the rather weak-kneed tale. Barbara and George do their charming best to make it plausible, but the result is so-so.

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE

Fair

(Paramount)

Here we find Claudette Colbert in love with her husband, Clive Brook, but the war takes him from her. He is reported dead and Claudette marries a surgeon, Charles Boyer, whom she grows to love devotedly. Then Clive returns and discovers that he is the "third that makes a crowd." Claudette wants to do the right thing but Clive refuses to let her sacrifice herself. To free her from her almost hopeless love tangle, he deliberately courts death.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

Good

(Fox)

This time it's Marian Nixon who plays Rebecca, the incorrigible orphan who went to live with two maiden aunts in a New England village. The story moves slowly but is delightful in a "homey" fashion. Ralph Bellamy is fine as Adam Ladd, and Louise Closser Hale provides many amusing scenes as the flinty aunt. As for Marian, she got this "break" because Janet Gaynor went "sophisticate" and refused it. And we must say Marian made the most of it.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Excellent

(M-G-M)

Jean Harlow covered her famous platinum hair with a red wig to play this part. As the red-head, born on the wrong side of the tracks, she has aspirations. She tricks her "boss" into divorcing his wife and marrying her. But his friends do not accept her and she finally goes to New York and captures a millionaire. Anita Loos wrote the sizzling dialogue from this Katharine Brush novel. And Chester Morris, Leila Hyams, Una Merkel and Henry Stephenson help Jean make this picture a breezy, highly entertaining hour's pastime.

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Artistic

Masterpiece

(M-G-M)

This is a fine picturization of Eugene O'Neill's powerful play of the same name, "asides" and all. Norma Shearer is splendid in the rôle of neurotic Nina Leeds, whose uncompromising life we are privileged to follow from girlhood to old age. Through the years with her travel Clark Gable, as her faithful lover, Alexander Kirkland, her devoted husband, Ralph Morgan, as "Good old Charlie," her patient friend, and last of all, Robert Young, her son. It is a departure from standardized methods, and a highly dramatic one.

SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A

Excellent

(Warners)

George Arliss is perfect in his rôle of a successful financier who, upon returning from a year's trip abroad, finds his selfish family alienated from him. Wise Mr. Arliss thinks up a scheme that brings them all back to the family fireside. Mary Astor, Hardie Albright, Evalyn Knapp and Randolph Scott make up the fine supporting cast.

Now..... is the ideal time to **REDUCE**

*The Ventilated Perfolastic Girdle Is Guaranteed
To Reduce Your Hips At Least 3 Inches In 10 Days*

If you dread the time when you will wear the new Fall Frocks, because of fat, bulky hips—START NOW to reduce! In 10 days you can actually take inches off your hips. Note our money-back guarantee....Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days or your money refunded.

Reclaim your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips...and be comfortable, too...for unlike most rubber girdles, the PERFOLASTIC gives with every movement.

This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle works constantly while you walk, work, or sit—gently removing fat with every move you make.

The Perfolastic will not chafe, itch or irritate the skin, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh, every moment you wear the Perfolastic. And one of the reasons the girdle reduces so quickly is that it can be worn next to the skin.

Don't wait any longer—act today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny—try it for 10 days—then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results—and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage.

The coupon brings you FREE BOOKLET and sample of the
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**"I REDUCED
20 POUNDS"**

After convalescing from severe illness this Spring, I found I was putting on considerable weight; 20 pounds above normal. My physician advised against any reducing diet or strenuous exercise—so I used your girdle instead. You might be interested to know that—I reduced almost twenty pounds.
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Rye, New York

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I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle—it seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been reduced nine inches. I think this is perfectly marvelous—at least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.
MISS JEAN HEALY
299 Park Ave., New York City

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State _____



Little Cora Sue Collins shocks Leslie Howard in Norma Shearer's picture, "Smilin' Through."

ALL OVER HOLLYWOOD

By Jack Jamison

ONE bright day—100 degrees bright!—a very black and very hot hobo wandered up a dry river bed just north of the Hollywood hills. As he stumbled along he heard far-off voices singing a mournful spiritual. They were colored voices, and a smile spread over the black boy's face as three thoughts hit him at once. Picnic! Chicken! Watuhmelon! But as he rounded a bend in the river bed he stopped short for he beheld a scene that he knew and hadn't wanted to see ever again—a prison chain gang making little ones out of big ones!

Now for Prison Pictures

FIFTY men, black and white, stood on an embankment, swinging picks and sledges under the broiling sun. They were dressed in faded blue denim, with stripes on their pants and what looked like big targets sewed on the backs of their shirts. And worse! On their legs they wore chains and spiked shackles made from the business ends of pickaxes, and as if that weren't enough to hinder escape, guards equipped with guns and whips and bloodhounds paced back and forth in front of the sweating prisoners.

No wonder the negroes sang mournfully! No wonder the hobo turned and ran terrorstricken, in free-wheeling!

No wonder, except that this was only a Hollywood chain gang, whose director was just about ready to yell "Cut!"

Believe you me, though, or believe the people who have been working for six weeks on the picture—the location set for "Liberty Road" is a convincing one. The leg-irons are made of aluminum, microphones and cameras record each day's action, hot dog stands and shower baths are in operation a hundred yards away, but after six weeks of pick-swinging, surrounded by guns, dogs, and a barren waste of sand and gravel, you begin to doubt that it's all in fun!

It's some set, and RKO gets a nice bouquet for it. And another bouquet goes to the fellow who picked the story *before* he ever heard of the recent mess down in Florida. And still another—I seem to be an RKO fan—to the casting director who selected the extras working on this picture. A number of them were genuine former convicts, one colored boy having actually

served nine years in a Georgia chain gang. Others, such as Ralph Smith (California's Fighting Fireman, to you!) and Barney O'Toole, are ex-pugs whose battle-scarred maps, along with their shackles, would convince almost anyone that the boys were public enemies. Grr!

Richard Dix

WORKING under the dust-and-wind-proof mikes was Richard Dix, the star of the picture. Rich was sweating along with the rest of the gang, but from time to time a prop man appeared with a Flit-gun full of water, with which he sprayed the star's face and chest just to help out—and incidentally, to keep the grease paint from frying. Boy, what a sun! Rich said I could tell the public that he had given up his lifelong ambition to go to prison, once and for all!

Behind the line of action lay the prison camp proper; low green shacks and gilly-wagons and dog kennels. Aha! And what is a gilly-wagon? Well, it's a cage on wheels exactly like the ones you see in circus parades, and called by the same name, but in a prison camp it's the convicts' bedroom. No beds, and not much room.

SILVER SCREEN

The convicts are simply piled in at night and left to use each other for pillows. "Pie wagon" is another name for it, but don't ask me why.

Yes, they have a sweat-box on this set. It's about five feet tall and two feet wide. I watched them stuff little Tom Brown into it, surrounded by cursing guards and snarling dogs, and believe me, my hair stood on end! They have "stocks" and a whipping-post, too, and I'm glad the picture requires the whole darn set to be burned down in the end. I'll feel less shuddery.

One word more, and it may sound odd—but "Liberty Road" has a theme song, and wait till you hear it! It has the same name as the picture and was written by Clarence Muse, who composed "When It's Sleepy-Time Down South."

Hats off to RKO on this job! It'll show you life as it really is, and you're going to like it unless I'm way wrong.

John Barrymore does a Garbo!

BUT I have a grudge against the studio anyhow. They wouldn't let me (or anyone else, for that matter) onto the Barrymore set over on Stage 5, and it's all John's fault, the old meanie! His old set isn't interesting at all, I'll bet. It's an English country-house, and who hasn't seen an English country-house? Bah! And again, Bah!



Katharine Hepburn, Billie Burke and John Barrymore are making "The Bill of Divorcement." No writers admitted.

THE sprawling Warners-First National studio out in Burbank, was shut down all during the month of July.

But on August 1st it opened with a bang, having no less than nine feature productions ready to be dragged, howling and yelling, before the cameras. As yet, matters aren't far enough along for me to tell you much about them, so I'll just give you the list and let you know what to expect. "20,000 Years In Sing Sing," which will probably be re-titled "Women, Men, and Sin," "Men, Women, Sin," or "Sin, Men, and Women" by the time it reaches the screen, is the story of the famous Warden Lawes of that notable institution up the river. Paul (Scarface) Muni will star in "I Am a Fugitive From a Georgia Chain Gang," which also may be re-titled. This is the old stunt of riding the band-wagon. RKO started a chain-gang picture, as you have already heard, so the other studios are hopping on to the idea. I wonder if they'll all make money?

Plans! Plans! Plans!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON will come out in a film called "Silver Dollar," the story of a real character in Colorado who made a fortune in the mines there and turned into a colossal spendthrift. Charlie

[Continued on page 61]

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins

1

WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE *THIS* ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE

OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS



2

LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA

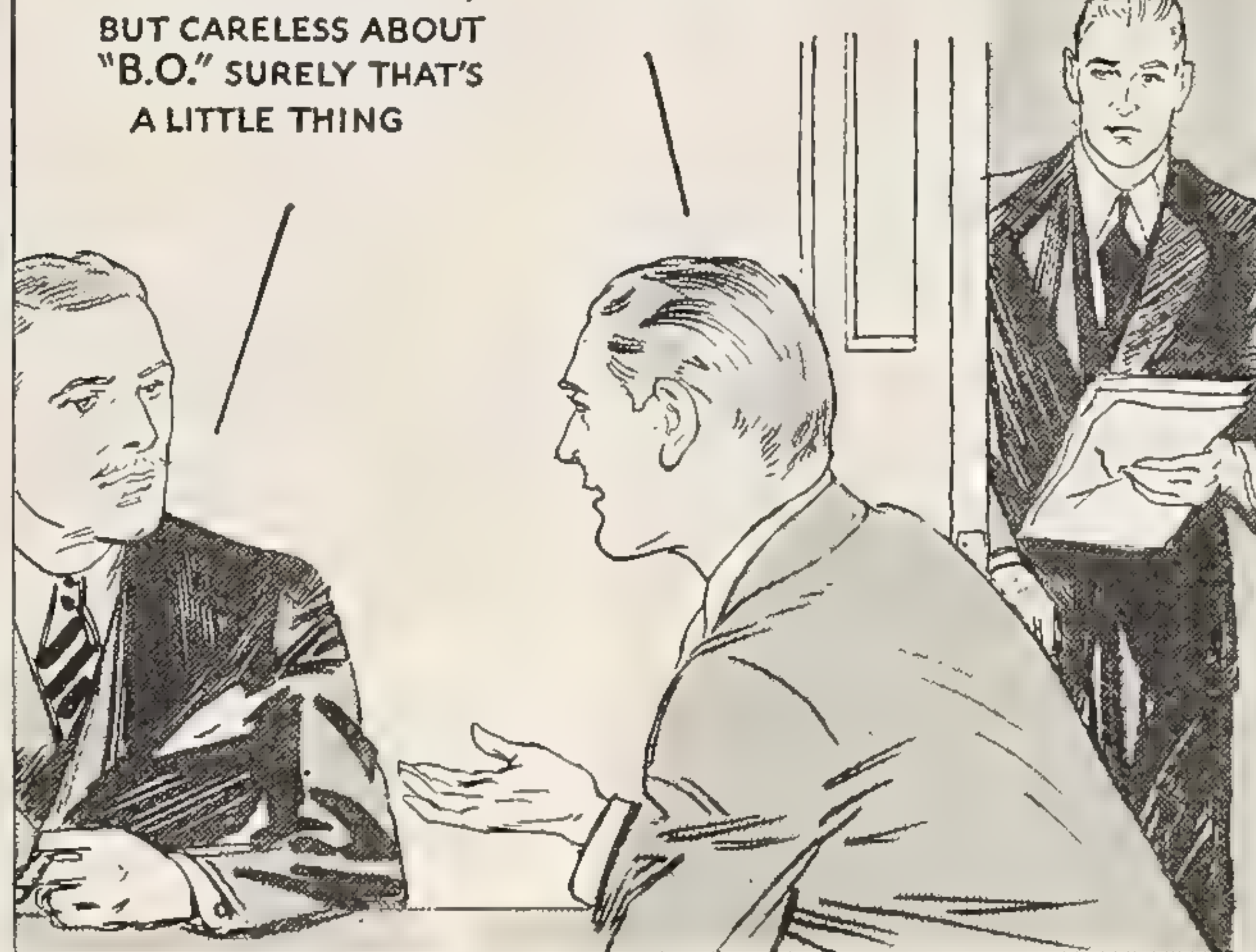


3

A MONTH LATER he found out

YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING

A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!



4

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY TODAY



5

NO "B.O." NOW

to spoil his chances

I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE. HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?

WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR



Don't let "B.O."

(body odor)

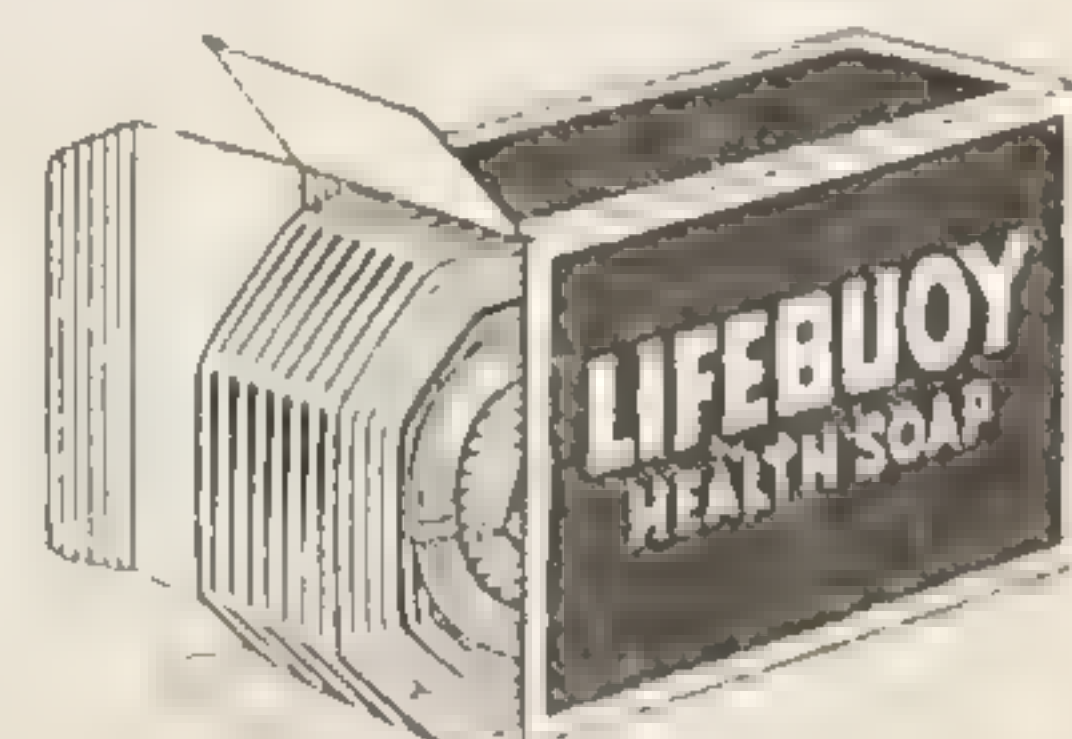
bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather purifies pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (body odor). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBOUY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 5210 Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)





Lionel, as Rasputin, confronted by John Barrymore, the Grand Duke. Ethel Barrymore as the Czarina holds her son in her arms. John shoots Lionel at the end of the picture. "The way Lionel is going to steal this picture I ought to shoot him in the first reel," said John.

"FIRST STILL" of the Three Barrymores TOGETHER Lionel, Ethel and John! By Elizabeth Wilson

STAGE 21 on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot is as calm as a five o'clock subway rush in Times Square with four Marx Brothers and Jimmy Durante trying to get to the Bronx. People all over the place. Extras, hundreds of them, bit players, dozens of them, supervisors, camera-men, script boys, wardrobe women, make-up girls, newspaper reporters, fan writers, Olympic guests from everywhere, the Canadian team in red blazers with maple leaves, and Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of the millionaire Washington McLeans, who owns the Hope diamond. They've all come to see the shooting of "Rasputin." (Pronounced Razz as in razzberry, pew as in church, and the rest of it you simply gurgle, or if you aren't any good at gurgling you just forget.) Those mad, mad Barrymores, the Royal Family of Broadway,

who have made theatrical headlines for well over a quarter of a century are making a picture together. For once the word stupendous can be used in the full glory of its meaning. Three Barrymores in one picture—that is stupendous. Poor little "Grand Hotel," which only yesterday had its one hour with you, fades into a couple of insignificant deuces. With three aces up his sleeve "Rasputin" takes the pot.

"They're mad, exquisitely mad—those Barrymores," someone from New York whispers. "They're jealous, frightfully jealous—those Barrymores," someone from the Press mutters, "they'll chew up the scenery and then each other." The Olympic guests surge forward eager for a glimpse of the Barrymores biting and scratching each other and hurling props at [Continued on page 46]

SILVER SCREEN

Topics

for Gossips

"Yoo Hoo!
Here's my pic-
ture in SILVER
SCREEN."

Especially posed
by Peggy Shannon.

IF YOU are the kind of person who makes Grave Mistakes at Serious Moments take heart—Mary Pickford does too. Mary has been making impromptu speeches over the radio at openings for lo, these many years, but at the premiere of "Strange Interlude" she pulled a boner that caused a lot of chuckles. "I think," said Mary to her unseen audience, "that Norma Talmadge will be awarded the Academy prize for her work in 'Strange Interlude.'"

HELEN HAYES tells an amusing story on herself. Last June she and her popular playwright husband, Charlie MacArthur, took a hasty vacation in southern France, before the western trek to Hollywood and pictures. Their first morning at Cannes, Helen and Charlie ran down to the big rocks on the beach prepared for a swim, and Helen shouted gaily, "Hurrah, peace at last. No footlights, no curtain calls, no grease paint, no directors, no movies—peace, peace, peace." "Hey you," an American voice shouted, "get off the set. We're shooting pitchers here." Helen discovered to her dismay that she had walked right into the beach scene of Gloria Swanson's newest picture. There was no peace.

WHEN the "Salomy Jane" company went on location it turned out to be quite a family party. Gene Markey accompanied Joan Bennett, Virginia Valli was there to see that Charlie Farrell washed behind his ears and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy went right along to see that her Ralph got plenty of close-ups. No casualties reported to date, but there's still plenty of time.

VIRGINIA BRUCE and John Gilbert are still engaged, much to the surprise of a number of people who said, "It's just a gag." The Claire-Gilbert divorce is final this month so there may be a wedding any day now.

GOING places together these days—David Manners is oh, so devoted to Billie Dove and it's getting so you rarely see one without the other. Billie looked ravishing, simply ravishing at the "Strange Interlude" opening and no one appreciated it more than David.

LORETTA YOUNG and George Brent are going here and there on a personal appearance tour, and they do say that Loretta is crazy about the Brent boy and means to cut Ruth out.

THELMA TODD weakened at last and became the Little Woman out in Arizona in July. She is now Mrs. Pasquala de Cicco. "Pat" is the son of the Broccoli King of New York, but he is going to take up residence on the West Coast so Thelma can continue to make pictures. He's a charming boyish sort of person with flashing white teeth, a Rolls Royce, and curly hair. It's a great relief having Thelma married at last for it was becoming rather confusing trying to decide whether she was secretly married to Austin Parker or Harpo Marx. And then a Dark Horse up and won.

PHILLIPS HOLMES and Paul Lukas will be glamorous Connie's leading men in her next picture "Rockabye." This is the story that Gloria Swanson has set her heart on doing for the last few years. That Connie girl gets a lot of things that once belonged to the glorious one.

JACK COOPER isn't finding emoting so easy as it was at first. Somehow those tears just will dry up. So now Master Cooper is using a phonograph to help out the emotions. His favorite and most effective "crying record" is "Little Grey Home in the West" and his "cheerful record" is "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

BARBARA STANWYCK observed her third birthday at the Columbia Studios recently. She began there with "Ladies of Leisure." The entire force at Columbia surprised her with a huge birthday cake and ice cream and presents.

HARRY BANNISTER is reported engaged, married or something to Nancy Lyon, a pretty eighteen year old girl who lives in San Francisco. Harry denies everything but there is a lot of smoke.

[Continued on next page]



Aileen Pringle, Mrs. Reginald Denny and Constance Talmadge played tennis in shorts at the Malibu Tournament.

WELL, little Joan Blondell has at last broken down and confessed that she is married to George S. Barnes and that they are spending their honeymoon in a cabin on the Rogue river in Oregon. All Hollywood knew that it was just a matter of time (and divorce decrees) before the crazy pair of love-birds would up to the altar. Joan met George last summer a year ago when she was loaned to United Artists to play in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" and—Joan hasn't been the same since.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is seen everywhere these days and nights with Paulette Goddard, who is a pretty little Hollywood Blonde. Charlie and Paulette were among those present at the airport to meet Mary Pickford when she returned from New York recently. And the dainty Paulette was clinging to the Chaplin arm at the gala opening of "Back Street." It looks like a romance.

PRINCE LICHENSTEIN of Austria, here for the Olympic Games, has a hard time trying to divide his time equally among three of Hollywood's most exciting and glamorous women, namely, Ina Claire, Lily Damita and Tala Birell. It was Tala Birell, Viennese star, whom he escorted to the premiere of "Back Street" and they seemed to be having a perfectly grand time chirping Austrian at each other.

SAMUEL BLYTHE COLT, the famous Ethel's son, who'll be scratching out a niche for himself one of these days, has been escorting Helene Costello to the Frolics and the Cocoanut Grove. One night the waiter at the Frolics showed Helene and Sammy to a table right next to one occupied by Lowell Sherman (Helene's ex). Helene took one look and made for the other side of the room.

MARY CARLISLE and Joan Marsh are the two most popular girls in Hollywood's younger set. It still seems to be blondes that the boys prefer.

AT THE International Olympic Ball given at the Shrine Temple in Los Angeles a number of your favorite picture people aided the state hostesses, and helped greet the visitors. There were Colleen Moore and Robert Montgomery for Michigan; Lois Wilson and El Brendel, Pennsylvania; Anita Page, Ricard Cortez and James Dunn, New York; Bebe Daniels and Tom Mix, Texas; Carmel Myers and George O'Brien, California; Thelma Todd, Massachusetts; Rochele Hudson, Oklahoma; Minna Gombell, Maryland; Arline Judge, Connecticut; Peggy Shannon, Arkansas; Irene Dunne, Kentucky; Warner Baxter and Joe E. Brown, Ohio; Estelle Taylor, Delaware; Marian Nixon and Spencer Tracy, Wisconsin; Glen Tryon, Idaho; Dorothy Jordan, Tennessee; Richard Arlen and William Haines, Virginia. There were just lots of Olympic visitors from the home states who knew these picture stars "when." And how the local boys and girls did strut their stuff for the folks from back home.

EDDIE CANTOR tells it on a snobbish leading man who took him to lunch the other day. The snooty fellow trying to impress Mr. Cantor ordered *pâté de foies gras*. When it was put before him, he took one bite, a look of disgust spread over his face and he shouted for the waiter.

"Here, take this away," he ordered.

"Didn't you order *pâté de foies gras*?" the waiter asked politely.

"Yes," said the swanky one, "and you brought me goose-liver."

WHEN Bert Kalmar visited Zeppo Marx, youngest of the Marx Brothers, at the hospital recently he brought along a huge bundle and told Zeppo he heard it was customary to bring fruit and flowers to an ill friend. Zeppo unwrapped the package and found—a can of peaches and two sacks of flour.

JOHNNY WEISMULLER, your beautiful Tarzan man, and his pretty little wife, Bobbe Arnst, have come to the well known parting of the ways. Poor old connubial

When a tall man loves a little girl! Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms," a story of the World War on the Italian Front.



To be in "Our Gang" is every kid's idea of Heaven. They have organized a fire department but it's just a one hoss affair.

happiness has a hard time when Fame and Fortune move into the spare room of the Dovecot.

AND now it's Maurice Chevalier who is going to be divorced from his charming little wife, Yvonne Vallee. The famous Mistinguette, who "discovered" Maurice and started him on the road to fame in the Casino de Paris, says that she will do all in her power to bring Yvonne and Maurice together again. But it doesn't sound so terribly sincere. Mistinguette was quite broken up several years ago when Monsieur Chevalier decided in favor of the petite Vallee, and women will be women.

IRENE DUNNE looked simply gorgeous all in white at the opening of her picture, "Back Street," at the Carthay Circle. She's one of our pet enthusiasms, and we nearly got up there on the screen and socked John Boles for treating her the way he did.

LILIAN GISH'S famous opus, "The White Sister," is going to be revived for Helen Hayes and Clark Gable.

HARPO MARX became so fond of a dog named Kayo, which played with him in "Horsefeathers," that he up and bought the mutt. He ought to fit right in with the tribe as he has the sacred "o" on his name.

DOROTHY JORDAN says she never was engaged to Don Dilloway—that it was just a lot of talk. Dorothy says she "can't afford to fall in love." Now what does she mean by that?

MARLENE DIETRICH never uses perfume, but likes to spray toilette water on her hair and hands.

JAMES GLEASON and his boy Russell pass collection plates every Sunday in a Beverly Hills church.

KATE SMITH, weighty and far-famed radio favorite, wasn't exactly pleased when a local newspaper headlined her advent into talking pictures with "BIG BROADCAST."

FREDDIE MARCH'S servants were thrilled beyond words when Clark Gable moved into the house next door. You'd think they had never seen an actor before, much less lived in the same house with one.

ERIC LINDEN and Sidney Fox will be teamed in a picture for Universal. Cute?

CONNIE BENNETT can hardly wait to finish "Rockabye" so she and Hank can start out on that European vacation.

KAREN MORLEY will play Leslie Howard's wife in "Animal Kingdom." Karen hates hats and never wears one off-stage.



Maurice Chevalier and the cat that wouldn't look at the King of Sophisticated Lovers.

WHEN Nancy Carroll was a fat little girl of ten she was sitting on the steps of her house one day when a beautiful woman passed by with the most heavenly perfume. Nancy sniffed eagerly. Lilacs! She saved all her pennies that week and rushed over to the ten cent store. If only she could smell like that beautiful lady. But the V and X scents weren't lilac and little Nancy was heart-broken. Ever since that hot summer day in New York Nancy has been looking for lilac perfumes and never passes through a shop without stopping to sniff all the pretty little phials. But she has never been able to find the heavenly odor of the beautiful lady.

WELL, our Annie is herself again and everybody's happy. Ann Harding hasn't been much in evidence any place since the Harding-Bannister divorce and people were beginning to think that she was cherishing a broken heart, or shattered nerves, or a Garbo complex, or something, when Ann suddenly decided to descend from her mountain top home and start going places and doing things with far more pep than she has exhibited since coming to Hollywood. Imagine Ann, who has fallen into the "stuffed shirt" class lately, getting down off her dignity and dressing up in a wig and a Southern accent and fooling everybody at the opening of "Strange Interlude." But that's exactly what happened, Mr. Ripley.

What they wore to the Olympics:

NORMA SHEARER arrived with Irving Thalberg wearing a green sport suit with puffed sleeves and a sailor hat. Oh, those puffed sleeves! Norma and Joan will have you wearing them yet.

Carole Lombard looked simply svelte in a white sport suit and was accompanied by William Powell.

Joe E. Brown wore an East Indian turban—just for a laugh.

Lola Lane in a huge hat and dark blue dress created quite a stir, and the fact that Lew Ayres was along might have had something to do with it too.

Florence Eldridge was there with Freddie March and wore a red beret which simply tantalized the California sun, so she opened up a Japanese Olympic umbrella.

"Those EXTRAORDINARY

There Is An Explosive Quality To Any Bennett

IN THE history of the American theatre and screen, I doubt that there is a more colorful family than the famous Bennetts. The stage is rich in the lore of the eccentric Barrymores—their quips and foibles. But the Bennetts! There are five of them—count 'em, five—and all different.

There is Bennett *pere*, who used to come out after the curtain fell on the second act of whatever play he happened to be gracing with his presence, and deliver tirades against the audience because the play wasn't better attended.

One of my earliest recollections of the theatre is of him when he appeared as Maude Adams' leading man in "What Every Woman Knows." He made a tremendous hit as the Scotch coal miner, and a couple of seasons later the Lieblers—then one of the ace managerial firms—wanted to star him. With that flair for the dramatic that has never deserted him, he declined. Stardom held no interest for him, and he said so—in no uncertain terms.

And speaking of Maude Adams, when she appeared in Los Angeles in a play this past season, Bennett was urged to go back stage to pay his respects. Pressed for a reason for his persistent refusal, he finally admitted that years before, following her tour in "What Every Woman Knows," she had appeared in New York in Rostand's "Chanticleer." And on the opening night, he had sent her a congratulatory wire saying "Best wishes for your success. You have finally achieved last season's ambition to be your own leading man!" But Miss Adams, it seems, hadn't received his good wishes in the spirit in which they were tendered.

And there was the time, long after that when he decided he might just as well be a large part of the glow from the milky way and consented to star in a play called "The Dancers."

He and the first Mrs. Bennett had found that two artistic temperaments under one roof, especially with growing children who were also inclined towards artistic temperaments, was a little too much. They separated most amicably and Mrs. Bennett took an apartment with Joan, and Richard took another apartment with Barbara.

Barbara couldn't have been more than fifteen or sixteen at the time and, I suppose, more to have her under his eye than anything else, he cast her in a small part in the play.

Also in the cast was Pat Somerset, who had been named as co-respondent in a number of London divorces, and who had stolen the reigning musical comedy favorite—Edith Day—from her husband, Lyle Andrews.

Well, one night after the play, Mr. Bennett returned home but there was no Barbara waiting for him. He fidgeted while the clock struck twelve, twelve-thirty, one, one-thirty and then he phoned Mrs. Bennett. "Is Barbara with you?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. B. "Isn't she with you?"

"No," answered Mr. B.

"I'll be right over," his wife assured him.

Somewhere around three or three-thirty they heard a car stop in front of the house and rushed down to find Mr. Somerset handing Barbara out of the car.

He had taken her somewhere to supper and to dance. I don't blame Barbara. Any other fifteen or sixteen year old girl would have done the same thing—would have been flattered to death to think that a man of the world like Somerset was interested in her.

But her father had different ideas. He sat down on a fire plug, drew Barbara across his lap and delivered a good spanking, down on the street.

The commotion aroused the neighbors, who weren't interested

in Mr. Bennett's efforts to bring up his girls in the way they should go—especially at that hour. It ended by a policeman escorting them all to the police station at four A.M.

As proof that "age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of his charms"—even though the girls have got too big to be publicly spanked, Mr. Bennett continues to be a picturesque figure in Hollywood.

Recently Zoe Akins married Hugo Rumbold, the artist. Mr. Rumbold was having an exhibition of his paintings here at the time but, from reports that have drifted in to me, they weren't selling as freely as they might have. The depression probably. What did Mr. Bennett do but jaunt down to the exhibition, purchase one of the pictures and send it to Zoe for a wedding present with a card, "A wee coal for Mrs. Newcastle."

Skipping, with fanciful lightness, back and forth through the years, there is the time Constance was to be interviewed by a writer well known in Hollywood for making a mystery of things. Indeed, it has been one of Hollywood's jokes that the writer could make more of a secret of what she had for breakfast than the president makes of sending a confidential ambassador to England.

Well, the writer was doing a story on why Constance is unpopular in Hollywood. Instead of arranging the appointment through the studio publicity office, as could easily have been done, the writer with her



Mrs. Eric Pinker, the former Mrs. Bennett, and her daughters, Constance and Joan, at Malibu Beach.



An off-stage glimpse of Constance at the RKO Studio, where she is making "Rockabye."

BENNETTS"

By
Judith
Balfour

usual flare for the dramatic had the appointment arranged through a mutual friend. Priding herself on her knowledge of feminine psychology, she pictured herself and Connie *tête-a-tête* and herself worming everything that there is to worm out of the most glamorous of the Bennetts.

She arrived a few minutes ahead of schedule and sat waiting in Constance's bungalow. Promptly at the appointed hour Connie sailed into the room—accompanied by her director, her leading man and a couple of the other actors in the picture. "Hullo," she greeted the writer. "I've got to go wash up a bit and when I've finished I want *you* to tell *me* why I'm the most unpopular girl in Hollywood."

And, at the luncheon table, whenever the writer attempted to wax confidential and sank her voice to an intimate whisper, Connie in tones plainly audible to the rest of the guests would demand, "What was that? What did you say?"

It's one of the Bennett characteristics to have no secrets. Any subject on which they can be interviewed can be discussed in front of anyone who happens to be



Richard Bennett, great actor, great parent and famous wit.



Joan Bennett, the beauty of the Fox lot. Off-stage she is Mrs. Gene Markey.

present. If you attempt to get an opinion on the subject of love—sweet love—hate, or bigamy the interview will be conducted in the presence of the butcher, the baker or candlestick maker—or whomever else happens into the room.

There was another occasion when the divorced wife of a famous novelist arrived in Hollywood and announced that she had brought along a "few pieces" of furniture she would let friends have, for a consideration. For a further consideration, she would undertake to re-decorate any part of a house in need of her attentions.

Connie fell for it and the decorator went to work with a will—or, rather, with a vengeance, I should say. When

the room was almost finished Connie felt it should have one commanding piece of furniture in it. She went, with a friend, to the decorator's exhibit. There was a large screen there—a gorgeous piece—priced at upwards of eight hundred dollars. "That's a lot of money to pay for a thing like that with times as they are," Connie demurred.

"But it will 'make' your room," the friend urged.

Connie capitulated and the piece was ordered. When it was delivered there were two screens and the bill was something over seventeen hundred dollars. Connie 'phoned the decorator. "I don't want two screens," she said. "I only ordered one."

"Oh," said the woman blandly, "it's only one screen. It's in two sections and they are \$875 apiece."

"Then you should have told me when I was there," said Connie. "You heard me debating about paying \$875 for a screen—you should have known I wouldn't pay \$1750. You'll just have to send for it."

"I can't do that," said the woman. "You bought it—you'll have to keep it."

"Very well," said Constance, "I've got a witness that I bought one piece and you told me the price was \$875. I'll keep that."

"No," the other insisted, "I can't sell half a screen."

"Yes," said Connie. "You sold me a half and I intend to keep that half. The other half is here for you and you can do what you please with it."

Joan is probably the quietest one of the lot but even she has had her moments. Once, before she married Gene Markey, she was reported engaged to John Considine. It was one of the stormiest courtships Hollywood has ever known. They had had a lover's tiff and John departed for Palm Springs.

Somehow Joan heard he was there—with someone else. Chartering a plane, she calmly dropped in on him and the argument was resumed. Nor was it resumed in privacy. Anyone who cared to do so had ample opportunity to hear what went on.

Oh, yes. The Barrymores, Fairbanks-Pickford-Crawford entente, the Talmadges and all the others may be picturesque but as for me—I'll take Those Extraordinary Bennetts. Life has never a dull moment when one of them is around!



"LUCKY WILSON"

No More Typewriting
for Dorothy Wilson!

By
Mary Sharon

Dorothy Wilson in her screen debut. Richard Cromwell is the lover. The picture is "Age of Consent."

DOROTHY WILSON is not only the cutest Cinderella Hollywood has ever had, but she is also the smartest. She has proven this by the way she has taken her big "break."

I have often wondered why some people live years in Hollywood and never seem to learn the rules of the game. On the other hand, about once in a blue moon, somebody like Dorothy Wilson happens along who knows exactly what to do right from the start.

There's a lot of heartbreak in this Cinderella business. Everybody likes to read stories about the poor little girl who comes to Hollywood and wins a big chance, where chances are so pitifully slim. I've seen a lot of Cinderellas come and go in the years I've been interviewing the great and the near-great in Hollywood and the saddest part about it is that so few of them settle down and become fixed stars in the film firmament. Most of them are simply comets who dash across the sky, leaving a trail of light behind them. And not a very bright trail, either. But they make good copy while they last.

When I went over to RKO to interview Dorothy Wilson, I supposed I was going to meet just another Hollywood Cinderella. So I got out all my old adjectives, particularly the superlatives, and dusted them off. And I mapped out my story in advance. It went something like this.

"Beautiful young girl meets executive. Is asked to take a test. Wins coveted rôle. Doesn't know what to make of her sudden rise to fame. Is bewildered by the continual round of portrait sittings, interviews, etc., that have fallen to her lot. Has [Continued on page 59]

The smile that springs
very easily to Dorothy's
face these days.



Eric Linden and Dorothy. (Right) Dorothy Wilson, the player who was a stenographer in the studio business office. Welcome, Miss Cinderella!



Big Hearted, Good Natured Andy Devine! Who Could Help Liking Him, On the Screen Or Off?



Una Merkle impersonates the fan public when she holds Andy Devine to her heart.

The DIVINE GIFT

By Myrtle
Gebhart



"Andy"

THE first thing that I said to Andy Devine was: "Turn right around, young man and trot to the store and get some boiled ham."

And I had never laid eyes on him before! The second was: "Thanks . . . Now, chip the ice, please."

Having a new house and two dislocated ribs, and it being a sticky, warmish day, I was of no mind to sit through a stilted interview with luncheon in a crowded cafe. I would feed and question Andy here, making a comfort of duty.

Besides, Andy is the type that one immediately adopts and puts to work, if you know what I mean. One look at the good-natured bulk of him reassured me. As big as an elephant, as docile as a lamb.

The ham and spaghetti and radishes and what-not were laid on the little yellow table in the little black-and-yellow breakfast room which had seemed of sufficient size until Andy towered in the door-way. *He* crowded it. He was instructed to remove his coat and get cool without delay. Witzie, my collie, took his stand for such bites as he could wheedle.

And so—not to labor, but to a lazy yet interesting time.

"Gosh, every corner in this town has a memory for me," Andy began eventually. "I mean—well, I've flagged cars on all of 'em. I always had to hitch-hike out to Universal, where I got most of my extra work. I bummed a ride the day I was called for the 'Notre Dame' test.

"You bet now I pick up somebody every day. First thing I got when I signed my contract was a car. What a success *it* seems!

"The very first thrill I got out here was when a limousine stopped—swell car, liveried chauffeur—and the fellow in back motioned me in, saying he was going to Universal, too. Guess who? Francis X. Bushman!"

Andy sat back, beaming.

"Swell, Andy. But listen to li'l sister," I cautioned. "Bushman began with the berries. You hitch-hiked hand-outs. Well, he's ridden smoothly right out of the picture. You—"

"Sa-ay, I only *look* dumb!" His accusing eyes reprimanded me. "I fixed it with the paymaster at Universal to give me only half my salary each week. The rest goes into a trust fund. I can't touch it except in extreme need.

"Don't I know! I'm too soft. We-ll, I *can't* refuse when a kid's down and out, you know. And the wild-cat business schemes that people try to get actors to invest in. I'm taking no chances.

"I had too many lean [Continued on page 56]

Nick~ Names of the STARS

A "Pet Name" is
the Final Proof
of a Star's Popu-
larity.

"Ole Massa" Cooper
tells some African
whoppers to Jack
Oakie, Sari Maritza,
Susan Fleming and
Lyda Roberti. They'll
win their nicknames
very soon, the way
they're going.

THIS nickname business is a test of popularity as old as Miss Methusaleh, who passed birthdays as quietly as stocks pass dividends. The number of times your phone rings during the day or the number of cars that are parked in front of your home-stead every evening may show how you rate, but unless you have one or more ridiculous pet names you are just a girl men forget. Silly, these nicknames, but so important.

And strange to say a pet name is something you can't get for yourself, even if your old man is president of the local bank and just filthy rich—a pet name is a priceless gift that has no purchase price, only your friends can give it to you. Suppose your name is Genevieve Richards and you want to be called Gin Ricky because it sounds so naughty and South of France, yet if you haven't got that certain brand of comradeship, palsy walsy, or whatever you want to call it, it's a safe bet that you will go through life as Genevieve, Miss Genevieve, and that old Richards girl. Ain't human nature grand?

Hollywood stars and starlets crave popularity, even as you and I, and secretly they adore being tagged with these delightfully silly monikers. Of course Garbo wouldn't exactly appreciate it if you or I were to walk up to her and pound her on the back with a good-sized paw and shout, "Hi, there, Swede." But if one of her very small and intimate circle of friends does this (and I am reliably informed that several of them do) she wouldn't tank about going home, but would give a good slug in return. Now, don't you like Garbo better, if that is possible, when you know that her close friends call her "Swede"? She'd just have to be a good sport with a keen sense of humor. Incidentally her German directors all call her "Gretchen." Which, freely translated, means "You adorably sweet Greta."

And that's the insidious part these innocent looking little pet

names play in the lives of the stars. In a blue sunbonnet and gingham apron they look as sweet and demure as the farmer's daughter before she met the traveling salesman. But don't let them fool you with their coyness, for those pet names can tell you more about the stars than all the graphologists, numerologists, and phrenologists rolled into one.

John Barrymore, of the classic profile and elevated eyebrow, is called "Pinkham" by some of his intimate friends who knew him when. Long before John and Hamlet formed a partnership John had to do a lot of scurrying about to keep the wolf from the door, and as he was constantly being fired the scurrying was all the merrier. At one time, during this hectic youth's movement, he sold testimonials for Lydia Pinkham, who needs no introduction, I'm sure. For an evening of loud laughs and galvanic guffaws, I



By Patricia Keats

"Talloo" and "Lady Lindy." A friendly public has given "tags" to Tallulah Bankhead and Amelia Earhart Putnam.



"Hot Toddy"—that's Thelma Tod's monicker—and her husband, Pasquale de Cicco. Congratulations, Mister de Cicco.



International

four or five years ago, when Sylvia was a rising young Broadway actress, that some day that crooked little smile, which inspired "Funny Face," would be worth millions of dollars on the silver screens of the world. On the studio sets Sylvia is known as "Silly" because she clowns all through her pictures. All the cameramen, script girls, prop boys, make-up girls, directors adore Sylvia, and to them one of the twelve best sellers is only "Silly."

When love was very new Doug Jr., called Joan Crawford "JoJo" and she in turn called him "DoDo" and everyone thought it awfully cute at first and started imitating them, and then became a wee bit nauseated. For the last year, heaven be praised, those goofy pet names have been discarded and Joan now sedately calls her husband "Doug," while he calls her "Billie," which happens to be a name she had when she was a very little girl. Some of her old friends call her "Lucile" or "Jo-an."

Joel McCrea is called "Slug" because he is the most slug-nutty person in Hollywood. Look out for your floating rib when that boy comes along. Gary Cooper is called "Coop" by all the stage hands who are crazy about working in a picture [Continued on page 54]

"Young Doug" flew to Catalina to see "Billie," his wife, Joan Crawford. (Left) Mr. Durante, known to an admiring world as "Schnozzle."



heartily recommend a recital by John of many of the letters he used to receive from Lydia's fond admirers. Especially the one about the woman who weighed four hundred pounds. But to Lionel and Ethel their young scamp of a brother is still "The Kid." And always will be.

Helen Twelvetrees is called "Artie" by a number of her friends because she takes great pride in having attended the New York Academy of Art—and Helen still likes to "dabble."

Sylvia Sidney is called "Funny Face" by most of her old friends who didn't realize some

Why GIRLS say



DOES it pay to say *NO* in Hollywood?

Let's ask the girls who say it!

I mean our bachelor maidens, of course—those who see the other actresses marrying into influential studio circles, throwing impressive parties, playing the social and political games for all they are worth.

It has long been a legend that the public prefers its heroines single. When you know there are husbands and children just out of camera range, the fair lady is not quite so romantic.

Or *is* she?

Today a strange new situation prevails. Most of our feminine stars are married and getting away with it. In fact, it looks as though they are getting away with the better breaks, too—thanks to their husbands' pull and their skill at the social racket.

Is a husband a help or a hindrance? And are the married stars in the best spot?

Every unmarried actress has her own opinions. So I started out to learn the facts as they appear to some of our charmers who have so far said *No* to all altar calls.

Sylvia Sidney invited me down to her Malibu house for lunch. (I invariably say *yes* to such proposals!) I burned up the road to her husbandless, seashore abode.

"Hollywood girls marry for love!" Sylvia declared. "That's shown by the failure of most of their marriages. They don't think carefully about husbands. They are not designing. They marry the men they love without thinking of the consequences.

"I know of no actress who has married primarily to advance herself. Most fine actresses marry inferior men. Just as brilliant men usually choose inferior women. Why? I don't know. Maybe there is less strain with a commonplace mate.

"Norma Shearer is the one star who has married an influential man with personal charm and ability. But Norma married for love. Remember, she was a big star before her marriage and I am sure she would have been just as big even though she had not married Irving Thalberg. Marriage has nothing to do with a girl's career!"

The rapid rise which Sylvia herself has made lends authority to her viewpoint, doesn't it?

"But, being a conventional soul," Sylvia went on, "I think every woman should marry.

"Social contacts? Going to parties and meeting influential people? I don't think that's important at all! Ability counts more than luck now. I do not think that an actress has to have love affairs to portray heavy emotions convincingly, either. At fifteen I was playing very emotional roles on the stage, and heaven knows I knew nothing about love!

"Gossips," added Sylvia for good measure, "are the main cause for unsuccessful marriages in Hollywood."

She then walked me out to my car and started me home. I had lunch with Karen Morley out at M-G-M next. (Always eating with lovely ladies. But why not? Everyone should do what he likes best!)

"Most actresses *do* marry for the resultant advantages!" Karen flashed at me. "I could name several who have done so. Being a lady, I shan't!

"Hollywood girls are necessarily very ambitious and sophisticated. And I am certain that a girl who has enough fight in her to rise to stardom, also has enough brains to pick a husband who will be an asset. Not all, but most Hollywood girls say *yes* because they think it will help them. They either want to further their careers or acquire financial security.

"So far as the public goes," Karen reasoned, "it doesn't make any difference whether a feminine star is married or not so long as she is interesting. A colorful wife is better than a single—and, perhaps, dull girl.

"Personally I hate to play politics and I abstain from social contacts. Some women love to entertain and they get roles that way. I don't want to be dependent upon favors. I know then, when I'm chosen for a role, it is because of merit.

"From my own observations, I should say that an actress gets along better without a husband and family. However, when I fall in love I'll marry. If I stopped to worry about the outcome, it would no doubt mean that I wasn't seriously in love."

Inasmuch as Karen and Sylvia didn't agree on the subject, I accepted Anita Page's invitation to dinner in her Manhattan Beach home. (Crazy over food, or, er—blondes?)

"Mere beauty is nothing" says Marian Marsh. "Talent sells the tickets."

"Yes!"

Can A Single Girl Get The Breaks In Pictures?

By
Ben Maddox



Sylvia Sydney thinks a fine actress should say "yes" to an inferior man.

"Most Hollywood girls marry for 'this thing called love!'" Anita told me. "They don't marry to advance themselves, or for real love, but for what, in their haste, looks like the real thing. The many divorces in the picture colony illustrate how few find the true 'once in a lifetime' love.

"Audiences are becoming more sophisticated all the time, and care less about whether the heroines are already spoken for off-screen. But I think the fans have a subconscious hope that the stars will stay single. This enables one to dream that someday one may meet and win the beautiful creature or handsome hero."

(Why, Anita, what a mind-reader you turned out to be!)

"Do married stars get the breaks? I don't think that is true in every case. I really don't believe marriage has any effect upon one's career. Perhaps it helps, because it is *supposed* to develop one emotionally. I'm not in love myself, so I can't say for sure.

"Social contacts? Yes, they count a lot. If you are seen you



"Ambitious girls," says Karen Morley, "pick husbands who will be assets."

"Love will come first," says Sidney Fox.

are discussed. If you are a recluse (unless you're Garbo) you are very apt to be forgotten!"

Whereupon I trundled home and endeavored to reconcile the gorgeous Anita's theories with the previous ones. The next morning I decided to get Sidney Fox's answers. I found her busy on a set at Universal.

"I like to believe that Hollywood girls get ahead strictly on their merit," said Sidney, an adorable half-pint of femininity. "Screen girls marry for advantage? No!! I have never seen so many happy marriages as there are in Hollywood. Never heard so much talk about babies

as here.

"To me acting is a job. A very pleasant and remunerative one. When I fall in love and want to marry I shan't let my career stand in the way. Why should your job [Continued on page 51]

MOORE GOOD NEWS:—

Colleen is Coming!

She's Back at Work and Will We be Glad to See Her!

By James M. Fidler

FOR two long years, Colleen Moore has been *off parade*. They have been glorious years, filled with play and romance and travel. She has gamboled lightly through a period of brilliant parties and theatres and dancing and yachting trips.

Now Colleen has returned to Hollywood, and to motion pictures, and she is afraid she may be forced to go *on parade* again.

What have those years done for Colleen? Have they changed her? Is she still the simple, unaffected Irish lass of yesterday, the Colleen of middie blouses, and sweaters, and half sox? A maze of questions befuddled my mind when I motored to her gorgeous estate in Bel Air, fashionable residence district West of Beverly Hills. Doubtless these same questions dwell in the minds of millions of motion picture fans throughout the world.

"I've been *off parade*," Colleen told me, after we'd exchanged salutations common to warm friends who have not seen each other for a long time. "And it has been a heavenly two years. You know, until I left Hollywood, I knew nothing but work. I thought, talked and dreamed motion pictures; it never occurred to me there was anything else important. Occasionally, I took trips away from Hollywood, I will agree, but those trips did not take Hollywood away from me. For example, I went to Europe for four months, but instead of the wonderful vacation I anticipated, I was rushed to theaters for personal appearances. I spent days and days with photographers. I met theater managers, exchange managers, film salesmen and publicity men. My few glimpses of Europe came to me between business engagements. I was *on parade*, eighteen hours a day. I could not enter a quiet restaurant without being recognized and mobbed for autographs. I was not permitted to forget, even for a few minutes, that I was a motion picture star. It was a relief to return to Hollywood, where at least I could re-

At the foot of the climb again, but Colleen Moore will find that her old room is waiting for her.



A prettier, happier Colleen will greet her old friends.

main in my home without fear of intrusion.

"Two years ago my motion picture career ended suddenly. Contrary to public opinion, my career ended because I had always planned that it would end when my contract was finished. But most unfortunately for my self-esteem, that contract came to its conclusion at a time when silent picture stars were making their talking picture debuts. I made two talking pictures, and both of them were terrible. They would have been terrible silent pictures too, because the stories were weak and meaningless. As a consequence of the two bad pictures, and by abrupt retirement from the screen, people said I had failed in talking pictures.

"That is why I am back in the motion picture business today; my Irish is aroused. I am here to prove that talking pictures did not lick me. There were rumors that I lost most of my fortune in the stock mar-

[Continued on page 52]

HARVEST MOON PICTURES



RUTH SELWYN
AND
ROBERT YOUNG

"SHINE on, Shine on Harvest Moon"—Gaze down upon Young love and Ruth, the gleaner, gleaning in the gloaming. Did you see Robert in "New Morals for Old?" Ruth gleams in "Speak Easily."

Specially posed for
SILVER SCREEN
(See, they have the
September copy!)



WILLIAM A. FRAKER

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

THE little leading lady of Harold Lloyd's "Movie Crazy" also played in "Manhattan Madness." She will probably be in "Hollywood Nuts" next and then star in "Insane." No, "The Thirteenth Man" is her next.





WILLIAM BOYD
and
PEGGY SHANNON



PEGGY SHANNON

PEGGY has been doing nicely lately and "After the Rain" is her best. It was made on Catalina Island and Peggy had the thrill of being a star on location. The Queen of the Gypsies had nothing to compare.



Maureen O'Sullivan and Warren William in "Skyscraper Souls"—the "proposition" scene.

ELMER FRYER

WARREN WILLIAM

"SKYSCRAPER SOULS" shows Warren William in a fine impressive rôle. Next, "Three on a Match." When he tosses off his juice of two lemons some morning, his wife, who takes care of his fan mail, will tell him, "SILVER SCREEN thinks you're O.K., Big Boy."



Ricardo Cortez and
Irene Dunne in "Thirteen
Women."



ERNEST A. BACHRACH

RICARDO CORTEZ

BACK in the silent days—in "Pony Express," for example — Ric learned timing, spacing and angles. Today, in "Is My Face Red?" he swept us off our feet, and all the cast did better work because of his fine professional technique. He has never married again. Ric is like that.



JANET GAYNOR
AND
CHARLIE
FARRELL

WHEN the screen's favorite "decent" lovers got married in "The First Year" humor was born to them. The dinner scene in their little home in this picture establishes them as delightful comedians.





THELMA TODD

THE photograph above is Thelma as "Eleanor Espere," vamping chorus girl in "Speak Easily." Thelma has just been married and now is Mrs. Pasquala de Cicco. She's twenty-four, although she says the Marx Brothers aged her.



HURRELL

Thelma Todd and
Buster Keaton in
"Speak Easily."





Edmund Goulding, director, looks with admiration at Marion's new shako. He never saw one like that in "Grand Hotel."

ON THE SET OF "BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES"

A scene at the M-G-M studio during the making of "Blondie of the Follies"—Girls, girls everywhere. Legs, dress clothes, music, lights—like old times to Marion.



Billie Dove and Marion Davies both graduated from the real Follies.



Marion and Robert Montgomery in a serious moment in this comedy of love behind Broadway lights.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

HE IS head man in the movies in Hollywood and his wife is the social arbiter. Doug is known around the world, not only as an actor, but as a fine gentleman and a good husband. He makes pictures, too. His next is "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," and Maria Alba, shown below, appears as the carefree, beautiful native girl.

K. O. RAHMN





JOAN BENNETT

THIS gown of Joan Bennett's is of white satin, decorated with rhinestones and bugle beads. Note the novel use of the trimming. Joan's next picture will be "Salomy Jane," with Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

PEARL white satin trimmed with strass for Claudette. Her wrap is the same material, trimmed with white fox. Her next picture is "The Phantom President," trimmed with George M. Cohan, the greatest fox of all.



CREIGHTON CHANEY



LON CHANEY'S son is a serious youth who has an RKO contract. When anyone criticises the movies let him look at these boys. That's the kind of blood that made Moving Pictures an Industry.

Lon Chaney
in "Tell It To
The Marines."



NOAH BEERY, JR.

Noah Beery
in "Beau
Geste."

THE second generation of the great names of the screen is well represented by young Noah. He is signed by Universal. Carry on, Junior!

SIDNEY EARL CHAPLIN
AND
CHARLES CHAPLIN, JR.

THESE two boys have, hidden away in their natures, a great inheritance. Charlie Chaplin, beloved by more people than any other one man, be he king or conqueror, is a genius. Will his sons live up to his gentle reputation?



"Charlie" —
the best
known actor
on earth.



PEGGY
MONTGOMERY



OTHER actors and actresses have ancestors. Peggy, however, is unique. She descended from herself. "Baby Peggy" is thirteen years old now, and big enough and smart enough to win the world all over again.



MARIAN NIXON

HER great success in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has clinched her "come back" and Marian can relax on the spring board at her sumptuous home. Her next picture will be "Walking Down Broadway."





EUGENE ROBERT RICHEL

NANCY CARROLL

WARNER BROTHERS borrowed Nancy Carroll to play the Russian peasant in Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s picture, "Son of Russia." Her bangs are not only quite Slavic but good, up-to-date Hollywood as well.





ELMER FRYER

Bette Davis and Dick Barthelmess in "Cabin in the Cotton."

BETTE DAVIS

THE quick mind of Bette took instant delight in Numerology and at the next party be sure and ask her about the future. She is going to be very successful on the screen, her numbers say — You'll see.



BETTE DAVIS

Goes in for NUMEROLOGY

By
Adrienne Peabody

Know Numerology If You
Want to be The Life of
The Party.

WITH her pajama-clad legs tossing around, and with her enormous eyes, which are so friendly and honest, upon me, Bette Davis was an inspiration to your Numerologist the other morning at breakfast.

"You know," she said, "I have always wondered about these things because my mother is so psychic."

Bette has a natural feeling for drama, which flared up as she told the story of the mysterious "hunches" which her mother used to get. "We always had to do everything that mother ordered," Bette told me. "And I remember one night, when I had gone to a dance, mother sent some one to fetch me. So I came home, and just imagine, the car of the crowd that I went with was smashed up that night and one of my friends killed!"

A cloud of unhappy memories swept across Bette's face and I realized that even in this brief recital she was moved emotionally. "Is Bette your real name?" I asked.

"No, Ruth Elizabeth Davis is my right name, and I was born on April 5th, 1908. But I have always been called Bette."

The spelling, Bette explained, is taken from a heroine of Balzac's. The names that moving picture stars select for themselves are always very interesting to one concerned with the science of Numbers. Added to this, her own name is a powerful one. According to Numerology *Bette Davis* has a glorious, promising future ahead of her. Her birthday shows that her childhood was somewhat lacking in color, and she admitted that this was true.

I explained to Bette the method [Continued on page 50]



"You are going to have a very successful career," Mrs. Adrienne Peabody told Bette Davis. Why shouldn't Bette believe in Numerology?

The meanings of the NUMBERS

1. A good day to start something. Plan that new venture—or seek a new job. Take advantage of opportunities.
2. Good receptive period. Mix harmoniously with others. Do not force matters to a conclusion. Co-operate. Be tactful and you will get your own way.
3. Be sanguine today. Refuse to worry. Take things easily. Do creative things, like writing, singing, painting. An expressive day for all.
4. Hard work. Make a plan and live up to it today. Put your check book and financial affairs in order. A day for system and organization.
5. It is a day for play. Especially good day to start a trip, if the trip is for pleasure and not for business. A good day for a flirtation.
6. Good day to get married or divorced—as 6 is the number of adjustment in domestic life.
7. A day of rest and meditation. Study, read, and play your favorite music, or go to hear it. Don't go to a party. Good day for inspiration.
8. Good day for cashing in. A day for organizing your forces. Go forward with confidence as today is your power day. A good balanced day for your mental powers. Make the judgments today you've been hesitating about recently.
9. Finish up all the odds and ends of things. Not a good day to start new things if you expect them to last. But a good day for dealing with the public, or public affairs. Also an artistic, dramatic day.

You can FORETELL which are your
LUCKY and UNLUCKY DAYS.

How it is done:—

Take the date of your birth. (For example) November 7—1914.

Add the numbers—

(mo.) 11 + (day) 7 + (yr.) 1 + 9 + 1 + 4
Total 33. Adding 3 + 3 equals 6

Therefore, you were born under a 6 vibration.

Now take the date of the event you are interested in—a party, etc. (For example) November 24, 1932 which is 11 + 24 + 1932 or 11 + 2 + 4 + 1 + 9 + 3 + 2—total 32 which is 5.

Adding your own number (6) to the number of that day (5) gives 11 which is 2.

Then look on the list of definitions and you will find that 2 means:—"Good receptive period. Mix harmoniously with others. Do not force matters to a conclusion. Co-operate. Be tactful and you will get your own way."

(It looks as if the party of Miss Six would be a success.)

Learn Numerology and be the center of gayety at your next party. Send 25c for an analysis of your original name (give date of birth) and also for detailed instructions in the Science of Numbers. Even though you only look upon this as a means of entertainment, you will find it a great addition to your popularity. Address Mrs. Adrienne Peabody, Numerologist, in care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.



Jean Harlow believes in a beauty spot and Jean-like she makes her own.

FADS

Hollywood Ideas that Spread Over the World

By Wes Colman

SOME old fossils may still look to Paris for their fashions, fads and furbelows, but you and I know that Paris isn't even a stand-in to Hollywood. That long Garbo bob with its delightful piquancy didn't come from the Champs Elysee, the Harlow platinum blonde didn't come from the Rue de la Paix. Paris may decree this and Paris may decree that, but when that Crawford girl pops up in puffed sleeves, then it's puffed sleeves for us before tea-time.

Right now everybody in Hollywood is busy applying a little black dab to the cheeks. Martha Washington's girl friends used to do this back in the old days except that they used a piece of black court plaster. But our Jean, who started the fad, simply takes her eyebrow pencil and with a well-planned jab gives herself a most coquettish beauty spot right below the cheek bone. If you have a bit of DuBarry in your there's nothing like a beauty spot to bring out that wanton wistfulness. It does things to big strong men. In fact it brings out the Louis Fifteenth in them.

Thanks to Jean we are already a platinumized, brassiere-less people, and now we're becoming spotted. But don't we love it!

Joan, having hoisted those puffed sleeves upon us (the very same puffed sleeves that you saw in "Letty Lynton"), flitted away to Europe so she wouldn't see our reproachful looks. But really they aren't so bad once you get used to them. Rather graceful, too, if you go in for shrugs and embraces, both of which are *comme il faut* this season when you are feeling nonchalant and naughty. At the opening of her picture "Strange Interlude," Norma Shearer appeared in an organdy-velvet ensemble with sleeves that were puffed by Adrian, and we might say, completely puffed. Now don't let me catch you going to that country club dance next Saturday night without your puffed sleeves.

Karen Morley has started the fad of wearing her evening wrap backwards, for no good reason that we can discover unless she likes to feel silver fox tickling her chin. She probably cuddled kittens when she was a child. And promptly at the opening of "Back Street," at the swanky Cathay Circle in Los Angeles, many, many ladies arrived wearing their evening wraps turned around. The vertebrae display was excellent. This reversal of things will doubtless cause plenty of comment, so if you are the kind of girl who loves commentators (not to be confused with sweet potatoes—which are awfully good with marshmallows, nuts and raisins in case you didn't know) we advise you to lose no time before dashing into the theatre with your wrap on backwards. And if you've been away on a camping trip or something all summer we'd better remind you that the fall evening wraps are long again, way down to there. And the high-front, low-back design with gold sequins and silver fox trim is all the rage, thanks to Karen.



The puffed sleeves of Letty Lynton have become the latest craze—thanks to Joan Crawford.



How Karen Morley looks as she approaches a ritzy evening party.

Garbo is another star who has wished an atrocity upon us and scampered off to Europe so she won't have to look at us. They do say that the drum hat she wore in "As You Desire Me," with the shallow straight brim, has caught on like wild fire and will be a most popular fall model. You've got to have *chic* to wear it, and we all can't be Connie Bennetts alas.

Paris could never have put the Empress Eugenie hat over if Garbo hadn't worn one in "Romance" and we suggest that the French millinery shops give Garbo a cut in the profits. She only makes a paltry thirteen thousand or so a week. I wish Garbo would make the old-fashioned poke bonnet with forget-me-nots and blue ribbons tied under the chin popular again—it's more becoming to my style of beauty than a shallow crown and straight brim.

Joan Marsh has started the trick idea of wearing your finger nails to match your scarf—and how the younger set are falling for this fad. With a red and white scarf Joan wears her nails striped, and with a polka dot scarf she wears dotted finger nails which are just too cute. Finger nails are coming into their own these days and can express moods and everything.

But don't get the idea that it is only the girls who start fads in Hollywood. Goodness gracious, no. Robert Montgomery and his scarf practically put the tie and collar man out of business, and I must say the Clark Gable turtle neck sweater hasn't helped the tie industry either. All the boys go for that Gable sweater in a big way and no place is too good for one. Turtle necks can be found at the Ambassador and Roosevelt patios and the Brown Derby any old day—and I don't mean in soup. One reporter said that the Hollywood yes-men went for the Gable sweater because it covered the hinges in their necks. It also covers a dirty neck.

Stu Erwin has an amazing watch which tells time with the letters of his name instead of using the old-fashioned numbers. When the little hand points to "S" Stu knows it is exactly one o'clock and time to rush home to lunch with the Little Woman.

No one seems to know who started the blue flannel slacks fad but try and walk one block in Hollywood without seeing them. Early in the season Garbo was seen lunching at the Roosevelt in blue flannel slacks, and about the same time Joan Crawford was seen wearing them on the Metro lot. And everybody is wearing them now—especially dames with big hips—which is just too bad.

Dress like CLAUDETTE COLBERT!

A Pattern of this lovely frock is ready for you. Why not make yourself a dress the same as Claudette wears in "The Phantom President?"



SINCE the day Claudette Colbert arrived in Hollywood the Boulevard has been a little brighter—the Rue de la Paix a little sadder. Gracefully Claudette leads the march of the fashionables in Hollywood—and here is the very dress she does it with. So what is to prevent her enthusiastic fans from spreading the glory of Claudette throughout the land now that the pattern of her dress is available.

Just as dainty and charming and chic as Miss Colbert herself, is this frock she wears in "The Phantom President." It boasts a beautifully fitted skirt with raised waistline attached to an underbodice of net, and an adorable bolero smartly buttoned up the front. The neckline, snug and very new, is daintily finished with a collar of tucked organdy. Miss Colbert's frock is fashioned of grey sheer wool, but you will love it equally well in another color and another fabric—perhaps a rough crepey silk or satin.

Silver fox, or any other fur banding, adds a note of luxury and exquisite charm, but for more practical purposes and to wear under a top coat, sleeves have been added to the pattern—a stunning sleeve model, fitted to the lower arm and with a slight, very slight, puff at the elbow. The covered buttons are repeated on the sleeve and there are ravishing little cuffs of the organdy.

Claudette Colbert's frock may be ordered only in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16, including sleeves, requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54 inch fabric and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard or 36 inch organdy—without sleeves, you'll need $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54 inch fabric and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of fur banding.

Don't let a little matter of a missing silver fox prevent you from enjoying a Claudette dress, for the pattern has been cut with sleeves. What a break for the silver foxes!

This autumn frock has been loaned us by Claudette Colbert, and from it we have had patterns cut for your benefit. Of course the pattern has sleeves to protect you against the chill of October.

Pattern Editor, SILVER SCREEN,
45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

Please send me a pattern of Claudette Colbert's dress. I enclose herewith 15c (in coin).

My SIZE is

Name ..

Address

City

State

(Print clearly). It is not necessary to use this coupon. This offer is open to any reader of SILVER SCREEN.

LIONEL, ETHEL and

In the dramatic story of the overthrow of the Royal Family of Russia, the Barrymores have found a vehicle of tremendous dramatic possibilities. Gustav von Seyffertitz, Lionel Barrymore, Tad Alexander, Officer of the Guard,—John Barrymore, and Ethel Barrymore.



[Continued from page 14]

the director. (As an old Barrymore looker-onner I might inform you that the Barrymores never hurl props—only epithets, but an epithet hurled by a Barrymore is often far more crushing than a Grand Piano.

"Quiet, Please, Quiet!" a distracted supervisor shouts, jumping out of the Czar's beard. "Everybody in place. The last rehearsal. Music."

At the end of the stage is a tremendous throne with three gilded plush chairs on it. Leading up to the throne is a red carpet much redder and much longer than Mr. Grauman's carpet on opening nights at the Chinese. Down the carpet come the royal family and satellites of old Russia, while on both sides of the carpet the Court in all its splendor bows and kneels. A grand sight. The most marvelous costuming that has ever appeared on any set. Adrian the Magnificent. But where are those mad, mad Barrymores? Not a Barrymore in all Russia. Just a lot of "stand-ins."

The peasantry in me pops out and I am all ready to throw klieg lights when Tallulah Bankhead grabs my arm. "Want to meet Ethel Barrymore?" she asks. "She's in her dressing room now. Come with me." Tallulah and Ethel have been friends for a long time. Tallulah used to have an inferiority complex every time Ethel spoke to her. She has gotten over that now and gives the best impersonation of Ethel Barrymore that has ever been given on stage or drawing room. Ethel likes it—and she likes to have Elsie Janis and Dorothy Sands impersonate her too.

Guess whose dressing room Ethel Barrymore is occupying? Greta Garbo's, no less. That's what Metro thinks of Ethel. But the femme Barrymore didn't like the Garbo furnishings which were a bit old worldish and dreary so she had it done over here and there with blue as the motif. A beautiful blue, the color of the Mediterranean at sunrise, the color of Nancy Carroll's eyes; white organdy curtains with large blue silk bows. White furniture upholstered in blue satin. A large bowl of dogwood. Ethel Barrymore in a blue silk negligee is charming and gracious and eager to put me at an ease which I

am far from feeling. That Barrymore voice saying friendly inconsequential nothings, that Barrymore laugh as Tallulah does an imitation of herself on an opening night. It is all too thrilling and I sink weakly onto the chaise longue.

Ethel says that she doesn't mind getting up at seven, and Tallulah, who was once Ethel's hostess in London, looks dubious. When she is making a picture she practically gives up eating—just soup and more soup. She reads herself to sleep at night with detective stories. She adores detective stories and reads hundreds of them monthly. She never cared anything about appearing in a talking picture until Irving Thalberg suggested "Rasputin" with both her brothers. All her life she has wanted to play with "The Boys" and has never had the opportunity before. Lionel Barrymore, she believes (and a lot of people believe likewise) is the greatest living actor and she is delighted

that he has the "fat" rôle in the picture. (Where, oh where, is the reputed Barrymore jealousy?) As the "Mad Monk" she thinks he will be superb.

People have always said that the Barrymore language becomes quite picturesque at times, and that they know a lot of Anglo-Saxon words that even Beowulf wasn't acquainted with. In happy anticipation I squirm about hoping that she will call Brother John or Tallulah or Irving Thalberg or somebody a so-and-so. But she doesn't. She speaks of "Jack" only once and tells us something awfully funny he said to her as the cameras clicked when she got off the train in Pasadena. She tells a joke on herself and laughs at her own expense. She's swell. I like her more and more even if she doesn't use quaint language.



Ethel Barrymore lives the intense mother rôle of the Czarina. Herself a mother, Ethel puts into her first screen portrayal an appealing quality, and makes the ill-fated character of the Czarina of Russia heart-breakingly human.

JOHN!

The Royal Family at work in Hollywood. The first time the Barrymores ever played together.



She lights a cigarette and tells us about meeting the late Empress of Russia in London before the revolution. Little did she reckon that one day in far off Hollywood she would be playing the ill-fated Czarina. She did not even notice the resemblance that everyone is commenting upon now. She admired the unhappy Empress, the worried mother, whose tragic eyes even then reflected the horror that awaited her in the Russia she loved and feared. In playing the rôle of the Empress now she thinks of those tragic eyes and her own eyes fill with tears and she can't even see that red, red carpet that leads to the throne of Russia. But one day she noticed that the real Russian aristocrats who are now playing extras in the picture for seventy-five a day looked at her with divine admiration as the tears coursed down their hollow cheeks. So great was her emotion that day that she sobbed and sobbed. She chokes now as she tells about it. She's more than swell.

They call her back to the set as they are now ready for the "take." She slips out

of the blue negligee and, with the aid of her maid, into the most gorgeous regal outfit you have ever seen in your life. A crown with pearls the size of pigeon eggs. Lace, yards and yards of exquisite lace, attached to the crown and falling in graceful cascades down her back. I am asked to lift her costume. I stagger under the weight. Heaven only knows how she manages to walk and walk, day after day, in a dress and a crown that weigh not much less than a ton. Up and down the red, red carpet in the terrific heat of those blaring lights, and with an ankle that screams with pain. She sprained it the first day on the set. But a sprained ankle never keeps a Barrymore from working.

There is an awed silence as she takes her place in the processional on the set. Beautiful, majestic, mysterious—the Empress of Russia, woman of sorrow.

The scene is a "lily" and now time-out while the carpenters tear up a few things and everybody hunts for a seat. An hour of waiting and then the processional forms again this time to walk down the red, red carpet to the Cathedral. Ethel says the worst part of being an Empress is the walking. John Barrymore, playing the handsome young Grand Duke, has arrived in the meantime wearing a lot of gold braid and mammoth shining boots. In the picture he is going to play the Sheik of the Winter Palace, the Big Moment of the Russian Court, the What-a-Man of the Kneiper. But his special love interest is "Natacha," who is the only fictitious character in the entire picture.

"Natacha" is played by Diana Wynyard, beautiful English actress, who will appear for the first time on the screen in "Rasputin." The prop men adore her and like to tell about her first day on the set when she looked around the stage with growing disgust and finally said, "I expected activity on a studio set and all I see is a bit of wangling of rope." Diana is verree, verree English.

They proceed and they recede. Finally there is another "take," but the "take" is ruined. John glares and I breathe hard expecting an explosion. I remember that night on Broadway when the youngest and maddest of the Barrymores stepped out of character and up to the footlights and roared, "Will someone please throw a fish to that seal," and the Tired Business Man with a tickling in his throat forgot to breathe for an hour.

Lionel comes on the set. But, alas, not as Rasputin, the Mad Monk, but only as an Actor About to Go to the Olympic Games.

The Story the Barrymores Couldn't Resist

The strange character of Rasputin, whose sinister influence contributed to the downfall of the House of the Romanoffs and ended the reign of the Czars, which had continued unbroken since the days of Peter the Great, caught the popular fancy.

Several books have been published delineating this uncouth, strange, hypnotic, evil man. No greater theme could have been selected for the Royal Family of the screen.

Ethel Barrymore finds in the character of the Czarina a part perfectly harmonious to her age, her experience and her limitless talents. John Barrymore re-creates the glamour of the period of the Grand Dukes, and Lionel's performance of the part of Rasputin is a challenge to all stage tradition.

This picture will raise the standard of every screen and every movie magazine.

"Ha, look at him," he shouts at his younger brother. "This picture business is getting him down. Only his boots are holding him up." Before John can sock him he has made a dash for the door and the Olympics. But a sightseer nabs him. "Oh, Mr. Barrymore," she says, "I did so want to see you in your monk clothes. What do you look like?"

"I look like Nat Goodwin in 'The Merchant of Venice,'" Lionel informs her politely and puts himself on the other side of the door.

A camera balks and there is time-out while a half dozen electricians start tampering with it. John and Ethel and Diana

and Ralph Morgan (who plays the Czar—you remember he was the "Willie" in "Strange Interlude") grab studio chairs. The four little Grand Duchesses and the rest of the royal court of Russia sprawl out on the floor. They've been proceeding and receding now for three days and they're darned tired, every last one of them. A member of the publicity department tells me an anecdote. It seems that when Irving Thalberg and John Barrymore were talking over the picture, Irving said:

"John, you know, as the Grand Duke, you have to shoot Lionel in the last reel. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I don't mind," John answered. "But the way he's going to steal that picture from his brother and sister I ought to shoot him in the first reel, not the last."

I am worn out, even if the Barrymores aren't, and I look for the nearest exit. I pass Ethel and she smiles. Perched up on a prop-boy's high stool and smoking a cigarette she still looks every inch a queen. She is quite pale. She explains that she isn't wearing any makeup in the picture. She photographs better *au naturel*. I ask her who really killed Rasputin and she graciously explains at length. It seems that it was really a Colt revolver that brought an end to the mad monk who combined hypnotism with orgies. Ethel once married the Colt revolver millions. Ethel is a Colt. And John is the brother-in-law of a Colt. And a Colt pistol killed Rasputin. So you see it all dovetails in a vague sort of way. Or do you inhale?



Rasputin before the Czarina. With her is Diana Wynyard. Though he has won great honors in the past it is expected that Lionel Barrymore's characterization of Rasputin, the Mad Monk, will be as fine as anything ever seen on the screen.

REVIEWS of the

LATEST PRE-SHOWINGS

IN HOLLYWOOD

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD

Rating: Good—*Warners-First National*

CONNIE BENNETT'S latest! And Connie more glamorous and beautifully gowned than ever. Need we say more? This picture won't turn out to be the fan's holiday that "What Price Hollywood" was, for only once in a blue moon does a film like that come around to the neighborhood theatre. But this is a pretty good runner-upper.

It starts out with delightful comedy, Connie playing the spoiled rich gal who takes a sudden fancy to the poor young lawyer who is suing her father. Then just when you are having a grand time laughing at Connie's antics with the serious young man and her harum scarum brother, who should come stalking in but Tragedy in person. Her brother kills a man who, he believes, has seduced Connie, and she, knowing that it was her weak married sister who was involved with this man, tells fearful lies about herself on the witness stand to obtain her brother's acquittal by the "unwritten law."



Neil Hamilton and Constance Bennett in "Two Against the World."

It all works out according to formula and the muchly subdued Connie, believing that the nice young lawyer could no longer love her after her sensational confession, is sailing quietly and miserably to Europe when he finds her. He knew all along that she didn't do it.

Handsome Neil Hamilton again plays opposite Connie, and gives a good performance as the serious minded young lawyer with a passion for beans. Allen Vincent is excellent as the young brother. Also in the cast are Helen Vinson, Hale Hamilton and Clara Blandick.

ONE WAY PASSAGE

Rating: Grand Entertainment—*Warners-First National*

A TREAT for the Powell-Francis fans! And who isn't? It's the best picture that Kay and Bill have had since they became a team by popular demand. And we're telling you right now to be sure and get a comfortable seat, for you'll doubtless sit through it twice.

Kay never looked better in her life and she fairly glows with charm throughout the



Kay Francis and William Powell in "One Way Passage."

entire picture. And wears dazzling gowns with full exposure of the spinal column—whoops, fans, take a good look! Bill Powell is happily cast, and is the old master of suavity himself.

The story is most intriguing. The action for the most part takes place on a liner bound from Hong Kong to San Francisco. Kay plays the part of a modern young girl with a bad heart. She knows she has only a few weeks to live but she means to get everything out of life that she can. Bill is wanted in the States for murder, and is being returned to Frisco by a relentless flat-foot, Warren Hymer.

Kay and Bill fall in love immediately but they can't tell each other their dark secrets. It's beautifully done and there is an ending that is a knock-out. Frank McHugh and Aline MacMahon look after the comedy, and if you don't split your sides laughing at them you ought to see a doctor.

AGE OF CONSENT

Rating: Good—*RKO*

MEET Dorothy Wilson, folks, and we hope you like her, for, according to her studio, she's all set to go into a number of pictures these next few months. Dorothy, as you know, is the little stenographer who was "discovered" right in the RKO offices by a director who was having a devil of a time trying to find a sweet young ingenue to play the lead in his scenario. And Dorothy clicked. She's normal, natural, fresh as the morning glories on your back fence and as modest as they come.

The younger generation will go nuts over this picture as it is right up to the minute college stuff, with the boys and girls talking just as they do on your own campus. Richard Cromwell plays the young student who is in love with Dorothy, and he has never given a finer or more sincere performance. He's a good boy but that little waitress, Arlene Judge, had what it takes, and, ably assisted by her old man's liquor, she gets poor Dick into a compromising situation that calls for a shot-gun wedding.

In an effort to console Dorothy, Eric Linden, the college sheik, takes her for a ride in the moonlight. There is a wreck and Eric is killed and Arlene relents. Eric's death scene will let down the flood-gates, so bring your handkerchiefs.

DEVIL AND THE DEEP

Rating: Grand Entertainment—*Paramount*

A CRAZY, jealous husband, his beautiful wife, and her lover imprisoned in a submarine at the bottom of the sea. Lifting romance, blood-curdling thrills, suspense and horror—this picture is entertaining from beginning to end and we advise you not to miss it.

Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper share starring honors, and Tallulah has never been so glamorously beautiful before. Gary, as a naval lieutenant, is handsome and charming in his own quiet way. This picture also introduces to you the famous Charles Laughton from London and Broadway, who is well on his way to being another Emil Jannings. As a crazy maniac of a husband he is superb.

The action takes place in romantic Algiers where the stars shine the brightest of any place in the world. It is here that Tallulah, married to a man who is gradually going insane, meets Gary and they both fall madly in love. Then the story shifts to the submarine and you are treated to some of the most thrilling scenes that have reached the screen in a long time. Good old melodrama—and how we eat it up.



Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper in "Devil and the Deep."

BIRD OF PARADISE

Rating: Good—*RKO*

ROMANCE, adventure, suspense, and marvelous scenic beauty abound in this one. It is almost a silent picture with a thrilling musical score. All you fans who have grown a little weary of the usual pictures must be sure and see this one. There isn't a boring drawing-room in it. Instead there are native dances, tribal ceremonies and the bona fide atmosphere of Hawaii, which will cause your blood to run hot and cold.

RKO spent over a million dollars on this picture but after you see it you will be sure that the money was well spent. For every minute of it is entertaining, and heaven knows, what this old world needs now is entertainment.

Dolores Del Rio, exotic and beautiful, is excellent as Luana, the native girl who falls in love with a white man. With beauty and charm such as hers, it is easy enough to understand why Joel McCrea should fall



Joel McCrea and Dolores Del Rio in "Bird of Paradise."

madly in love with Dolores and risk his life in all kinds of tribal situations to rescue her. They make an attractive couple, those two, and here's hoping they are teamed together again. The entire picture was taken in Hawaii so don't think that any of that gorgeous scenery is faked. This picture will probably start a grand exodus to the Islands, where Romance is still Romance.



Adrienne Ames and Richard Arlen in "Guilty as Hell."

GUILTY AS HELL

Rating: Good—Paramount

THOSE bad boys, Victor McLaglen and Eddie Lowe, are at it again. And that means that youse guys who like a red-blooded, two-fisted story had better step right up to the box office.

It's another one of those friendly enemy entanglements with Vic as captain of the detectives and Eddie as a newspaper reporter, and their conversation as usual is far from being elevating. The plot starts off with a murder of a wife by her husband. An "innocent bystander" is convicted of the murder and Eddie promptly falls in love with the convicted man's sister. Outside of the McLaglen-Lowe bouts the rest of the picture is taken up with finding the real murderer and freeing the innocent young man, who happens to be Richard Arlen.

Vic and Eddie and Dick all give good performances and are ably supported by Adrienne Ames and Henry Stephenson.

BACK STREET

Rating: Good—Universal

ALL mistresses, according to Fannie Hurst, don't make Park Avenue, and if you ask us, which you haven't, there doesn't seem to be much fun in being a mistress unless you have a penthouse. This being the other woman on a back street is a dismal sort of an affair with too much beer and skittles and not enough champagne.

Irene Dunne, as Ray Schmidt, Madame Hurst's famous heroine, gives a superb performance that will linger long in your memory. Her face and voice will haunt you for months to come and you will never forget her exquisite beauty. The plot carefully follows the best-seller-novel of the same name, and if the book brought tears to the old orbs the picture will bring nothing less than a cloud-burst.

As you probably know, it is the rather sordid, matter-of-fact story of a beautiful girl who fell in love with a married man, whose career would not allow him to divorce his socially prominent wife. So he



John Boles and Irene Dunne in "Back Street."

had to keep his love and inspiration on a back street, and the years succeeded years until both were well past middle-age. Selfish male and self-sacrificing female. That's life for you, as the cynics say.

John Boles, as Walter Saxel, is excellent, particularly in his death scene where he does acting that is acting. And when you are giving out prizes don't forget Irene Dunne, who starts where most movie stars leave off.

HORSEFEATHERS

Rating: MOST AMUSING—Paramount

THIS picture will raise the best crop of laughs this year, and is just what this old world needs. Those mad Marx Brothers scamper through reel after reel at such whirlwind speed that you are dizzy when it's over.

This time the kiddies have gone collegiate and the setting of the picture is a college town with everybody whooping it up for dear old Huxley. Groucho is presi-



The Four Marx Brothers in "Horsefeathers."

dent of the college, Zeppo is a student who is spending his twelfth year in the freshman class and doing his homework with the college widow, Thelma Todd. Chico inhabits speakeasies and Harpo indulges in dog-catching, but they get signed up for the football team just the same and stampede their way to the Big Game. Oh it's all very nutty and you'll like it. But the big surprise of the picture is when Groucho stops chattering long enough to play a guitar and warble a song. And of course Harpo harps.

The gags are fresh and original—and so is Thelma Todd, who puts plenty of toddy into the college widow. Don't miss it.

DOWN TO EARTH

Rating: GOOD—Fox

HERE is a good, homey picture with lots of laughs and plenty of good advice to think over. When Will Rogers gives advice it isn't preaching, but just let somebody else try it and see how quickly we leave the theatre. Will says to enjoy your poverty now because in a few years we are all going to be dreary rich.

Will plays Pike Peters again and still has Irene Rich for his lovely wife. They have an estate, a son and seven cars, and a butler who is a pain in the neck to Will. Irene is so busy being a social leader she doesn't have much time for Will, and he has a grand time soliloquizing about it.

Dorothy Jordan and Mary Carlisle play two members of the younger set who are in love with Will's son. It's a nice picture for the whole family to see, and it won't bring back the old depression either.



Will Rogers in "Down to Earth."

THE LAST MILE

Rating: GOOD—Tiffany

UNUSUALLY good acting and character delineation are the high spots in this picture. It's a faithful reproduction of the famous Broadway play which held New Yorkers tense night after night. But perhaps prison breaks aren't as popular now as they were two years ago.

The entire action takes place in the death house of a prison. The characters in the picture are all inmates of the death house, who are waiting their turn at the last mile which leads to the chair. One of the condemned men, Killer Mears (played on the stage by Clark Gable) engineers a jail break which doesn't come off. All of his pals are killed by machine gun bullets from the outside, and finally the killer gives himself up to save the life of the one boy left. Not a pretty subject for a picture but we guarantee it will grip you and hold your interest.

Good performances are given by the entire cast, especially Preston Foster, Howard Phillips and Georgie Stone.

Bette Davis Goes in for Numerology

[Continued from page 43]

of arriving at the Number value of her name. I arranged the letters of the alphabet in nine columns and with this "cryptogram table" found the value of the vowels in her name. "E" is in the fifth column and so has a value of 5, and so on. I will explain this in detail later on, so that all of you can enjoy working out Numbers.

Adding the date of Bette Davis' birth to her name Numbers gives a 5, which means that she will have eternal youth and always seem younger than she really is.

"Sometimes," sighed Bette, "that has its drawbacks especially when I want to play a sophisticated part."

"Yet 5 is the number of versatility," I assured her. "So you won't have to worry. You'll be playing many parts in your personal life as well as on the stage and screen. It would be a distinct mistake to type you."

"Mother wanted me to be an actress," Bette confided dreamily.

"She won't be disappointed. You will have a long and promising career before the public. In fact the next two years will be extremely busy ones for you. And there may be stardom at the end."

"Do you really think so? How can you tell? Can you predict events through Numerology?"

"If you want to call it that, yes. You see, according to Numbers everything: animate or inanimate, has its time of power. It may sound strange to you but the Numbers from 1 to 9 inclusive tell the whole story—through the symbols which are behind them, of course. Every nine years we go through a cycle of change. This holds

true in biology as well as in the study of mankind. Science tells us that certain animals and insects are more prolific during certain specific cycles. But there is a reason for everything if we only knew where to look for it. The Ancients were past-masters at this art of reasoning. They used Numbers to analyze everything."

At this Bette sat up with genuine interest in her eyes, which had been faintly quizzical before. Can Numbers tell me whether or not one of my pictures will be successful—before it is even shown to the public?"

"Why not? First, I would have to obtain the date on which the picture was started. Then the date of birth of the producer or persons vitally interested in it."

"There are psychological moments when it seems advisable to 'start' things going, and psychological moments for finishing them. For instance, if we start out on a venture, no matter what the nature, under a '9' vibration, we should not be at all surprised if this venture turned out badly. The '9' vibration is better for 'ending' things than beginning them. That is why I believe if we figured our problems out by Numerology we would not be so prone to worry."

"This is fascinating," Bette cried. "Tell me what my own Numbers are; I'd love to learn how to analyze them."

"Well, you were born in April, which is the 4th month of the year. Add this 4 to the Number 5 (which refers to the day of the month on which you were born) and you have 9. Then add the numerals in the year 1932 together and you have 15.

"Always reduce your Numbers to a single digit between 1 and 9. This is a basic law in Numerology—you can't get away from it. And so we add the 1 to the 5 and instead of 15 we have 6. You are therefore in the vibration of a '6' year."

"Do I 'vibrate' marriage this year?" Bette asked with a whimsical smile.

"This is the year," I declared, much to her amusement. "At least you will have plenty of opportunities. Yet marriage will only be incidental in your life. It will never curtail your career. Your Numbers are those of a child of fame. The '6' vibration tells me that, and the '7' vibration, which will naturally be yours next year, governs the stage and screen. How could you go wrong?"

"This year is not particularly good for theatres and other places of amusement. However, Numerology predicts that next year, under the '7' vibration, everything in the theatrical profession will take a big leap upward. Many of the screen stars have '7' for their main Number. Greta Garbo is one of them. This number also rules religion because in the early days the theatre and religion were synonymous. Dancing and pageantry of all kinds were always performed in the Temples. So next year will also be an important one in the realm of Occult Science. I have an idea that more people will be attracted to this science during that time than ever before."

"That's awfully interesting," said Bette enthusiastically. "I was just wondering if you could tell me something about that vaudeville engagement of mine. I'm starting out on July 22nd. Do you think it will work out all right?"

"I'm sure it will. Your month of July happens to be under the vibration of '4,' which denotes application and hard work. Then, by adding 7 to 6—because July is the 7th month of the year and your own year's vibration is 6—we arrive at 13. This 13, when reduced to a single digit, makes 4. To a Numerologist there is no superstition attached to the number 13, unless one considers it unlucky to work hard. The day on which you are starting is favorable!"

"The nicest thing I can tell you now, Miss Davis, is that you will have more time for play and recreation in August, because you will be under a '5' vibration. And '5' is the Number of change and excitement."

"W-ell! That's good news! By the way, what would Numbers have to say about a person born, say about July 5th?"

"Plenty! But perhaps the most significant thing of all would be that he," I hesitated here, but Bette looked pleasantly non-committal—"or she," I added so as to be on the safe side, "would be very congenial to you because both your birthdays are under a '5.' I've an idea you'll be seeing a lot of 'him' for some time to come"

Judging by the glow in Bette's large expressive eyes, I feel sure that Numbers will tell the tale.



Claudette Colbert has her own swimming pool surrounded by tall trees on the side of a Beverly Hill. It has a spring-board and a lovely spring boarder.

"WHAT HOLLYWOOD LOVERS GIVE."

When the devastating passion sets a Hollywood lover burning he yearns to find something tangible with which to express his ardor. In the November SILVER SCREEN read about "the little tokens of love."



Photograph above by Lansing Brown, 1932

Ethel Clayton *is lovelier than ever*

ACTUALLY growing more attractive every year! Look at these pictures—they tell you plainly that it is possible to keep youthful charm, to grow lovelier, through the years. *If you know the secret.*

Ethel Clayton does and she says: "I am 38 years old and don't mind admitting it one bit. No woman need fear added years any more—if she knows how to take care of her appearance.

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Lux Toilet Soap is so gentle—so

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Not only in Hollywood, but on Broadway, too, the stars protect the beauty of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

So enthusiastic are they about this luxurious soap, it is found in the dressing rooms of the Broadway theaters, and in theaters all over the country.

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"Call Her Savage" is the name of the Clara Bow picture which Fox is making. Clara looks wonderful, doesn't she? Call Us Friendly, Clara!

Moore Good News

[Continued from page 26]

ket crash. Such rumors are entirely false. My money is carefully invested in bonds, and I still have it. I have no monetary reasons for continuing my career; I'm going on with it only to prove to my friends, to the world—and perhaps to myself—that talking pictures could never lick me.

"When I left Hollywood after the conclusion of my motion picture contract, I went to New York and attempted a stage play. It was a crazy thing to do, but at the time my brain was in a whirl. I was divorcing my husband, I was leaving motion pictures, I was ill and tired and confused. Instead of going to Europe or the Orient to rest, I accepted an offer to appear on the New York stage because I thought it would make me forget my divorce and my other troubles.

"I was very foolish. The play was bad, and had I been in my right mind, I would never have appeared in it. It failed. Then my friends said, 'Poor Colleen. She fell like a dead star.' Do you think I'd put up with that? What kind of an Irishman would I be to admit I am licked. I determined that I would not only do another play to prove that I could conquer the stage, but I would also return to the screen to prove that I could lick the talkies.

"Henry Duffy, the West Coast theatrical producer, had made me a stage offer before I left California. Shortly after my play in the East failed, I read the manuscript of 'The Little Church Mouse.' I wired Duffy that if he could secure the rights to that play, I would return to California and appear in it. Then I met Albert Scott and fell in love with him. I forgot work. We went everywhere together—theaters, night clubs, dances. I recovered my balance. I gradually forgot my divorce and other hurts. I did things impulsively—something I had never been

able to do when I was a screen star. For instance, I read a glowing advertisement about the Bahamas. 'I'm going to the Bahamas,' I said. I telephoned at once and ordered boat reservations. I went to the Bahamas, and from there I went to Miami, Florida. Albert came to Miami to see me and we decided to marry. We eloped.

"After our elopement we returned to Florida, and there I found a telegram awaiting me. Henry Duffy had secured 'The Little Church Mouse' and was holding it for me. For the first time I remembered my agreement with Duffy. 'What will you do next?' my new husband asked. But he agreed to let me go to California for the play, because he realized how very, very much I wanted to prove to everybody that I was not a failure on the stage.

"The rest is known. 'The Little Church Mouse' was a big hit. We enjoyed success in several Western cities, ending with a run of several weeks in Hollywood. The morning after the show opened in Hollywood, three motion picture offers reached me. One was from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and I determined to accept it. I opened negotiations with officials of the company, after first telephoning my husband and receiving his permission, and eventually I signed a new contract. I will be in motion pictures at least one more year; perhaps five.

"But I do not intend to go on parade again as of old. I shall temper my life. So far it has swayed too heavily to extremes. For many years there was too much work and too little play, and I became weary of that. For the past two years there has been too much play and not enough work, and I have grown tired of that, also. Now I shall do my work, but I shall also play. I shall think pictures when I am

engaged in making them. I shall forget pictures when I am at home or away from Hollywood. My contract stipulates that twice yearly I will be granted a six-weeks' vacation, during which time I will be with my husband in New York.

"Albert has changed my life. I look different. He has taught me how to dress. When I was in Hollywood, I knew nothing about clothes. In pictures I always wore plain frocks, therefore I went too far to the other extreme in real life; my clothes were oftentimes gaudy. I didn't appreciate the value of lovely clothes. I was too busy thinking motion pictures. My husband has changed that. He has made me burn the middie blouses and plain skirts and sweaters and half sox. I wear gowns created for me by New York modistes. I choose many of them myself, but in the beginning my husband chose everything I wore.

"I have done away with the straight, Dutch haircut and the bangs that once characterized me. That was my husband's idea, too. Now I wear my hair bobbed, but curly. Even my closest friends did not recognize me when I returned to Hollywood. You see, those friends had been accustomed to the plain Colleen of silent picture days. Yesterday, for instance, I met an old girl chum on the street. She was amazed at the change in my appearance.

"'Colleen, you look wonderful,' she cried, *and was I happy?*

"I had to go away from Hollywood to learn how to dress. I had to marry to find a person who would tell me that too many bows and frills don't make a gown attractive. I remember there was one dress that I had designed in Hollywood. I liked it so well that I had it copied in three different colors. Imagine that! The same dress in three different colors! One was white, one was pink, one was blue and the original was green. Other than the colors, the gowns were identical. My husband gave them to the Salvation Army. I went him one better; I gave all the rest of my Hollywood wardrobe to the Salvation Army. Then I went to a New York dressmaker and had a complete, new wardrobe designed.

"I'm happy to be back in Hollywood. No woman who has worked since childhood is satisfied to suddenly cease working. I found it dreadfully hard to occupy my time. In an effort to fill the vacant days, I studied piano and practiced three hours daily. I also studied languages. But these things did not fill the void. I had to find something to do. Bridge parties, riding parties and matinees did not satisfy me. Now that I am back in Hollywood, with work to occupy my time again, I am happy. I shall be Colleen Moore in the studios; Mrs. Albert Scott at home.

"More important, I will prove that talking pictures have not licked Colleen Moore. I have already proved, with 'The Little Church Mouse,' that the stage couldn't keep me down. If you go to my new pictures you won't see the little Ella Cinders character I formerly portrayed. *That* Colleen Moore is dead forever. I hope you like the new Colleen Moore. She'll be a lady."

The interview came to a close with the arrival of her husband—a tall, moderately good looking young man with fair hair and blue eyes. With him came George Cole, the famous portrait artist. He is doing Colleen in oils. After all her talk about fine clothes, you might think her picture would show Colleen in ermines and jewels, but you'd be wrong.

The new oil painting of Colleen Moore finds a demure, sweet little girl in riding breeches and a sweater.

Delightful! "DICKIE MOORE'S WOMEN"—November Silver Screen



Darling, YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE!

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

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Why Girls Say Yes!

[Continued from page 25]

control your life? It's old-fashioned for girls to sacrifice domesticity for their careers. I've never had the actual situation to face, for I've never been in love. But—" and Sidney beamed angelically—"love will come first!"

"I sincerely think that if a girl is a good enough actress, has something to sell that the public wants, she'll climb the ladder on her own. Since the talkies the public doesn't care about the off-screen personality. They want their heroines vital and real in pictures. Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, Barbara Stanwyck—they are not glamorous or mysterious. And everyone admires them tremendously!"

"My convictions on the social angle? I'm absolutely against the 'being seen' idea. Oh, occasionally a director will see you at a party and announce, 'You're the girl I've been looking for!' But my opinion is that the less you are seen around Hollywood the better. A little partying goes a long way."

What's the unmarried but striving actress to do? As a last resort I went over to Marian Marsh's for tea.

"Who says that the married women are getting the best breaks?" she demanded.

"Single girls are doing just as well—when they have equal ability. The public wants ability rather than beauty now." This from the beautiful Marian!

"The talkies follow the stage with respect to the idea that facial prettiness is less important than the quality of one's acting. Today most people go to see a star who can act. Not to see mere beauty!"

"If a girl has talent, she'll succeed. In the old days it was easier to make a star, because sheer personality was almost all that was necessary. Now the voice is of great importance."

"Hollywood girls marry for advancement in many instances, but not so often as formerly. Because no matter how much pull you may muster, you cannot last if you haven't the ability."

"I don't believe in social contacts either. Somebody may take a dislike to you and then they are always against you. But if you are not known personally you are judged by your screen work. It is your best reference."

Five who persist in remaining immune (so far!) to wedding bells have stated their opinions as to why girls in movieland marry.

What is your verdict?

Nicknames of the Stars

[Continued from page 23]

with him because he puts on no airs or mannerisms. Lupe started the vogue of calling him "Garee" and a lot of the gals still do. On his first lengthy visit to New York over a year ago he was introduced by a slightly bibulous press agent to Tony, the speakeasy man, as "Ole Massa" Cooper. To Italian Tony "Ole Massa" was just the same kind of name as Bill or Jack, so in New York's night life Mr. Cooper became "Ole Massa" and the name spread and spread and was gradually picked up by his friends.

Marion Davies is called "M.D." by all her close friends. Marie Dressler is called "Queen Marie," Jackie Cooper is called "Little Champ," and Edna Mae Oliver is called "Sniffles."

Jean Harlow may be the one and only

Platinum Blonde to you but to her family and intimate friends she is "Baby." Even Jean's colored maid, who has been helping Jean shampoo that gorgeous hair for a number of years, calls her "Baby," and when Jean moved into Paul Bern's house the day after her wedding, the ever-faithful moved in with her, and is very likely to tell you over the phone that "Baby" is out in the pool. When Jean was a kid back in Kansas City the other kids on the block called her "Tow-head" because her hair was almost white. Which all goes to prove that a Platinum Blonde isn't appreciated in her own home town.

Josef Von Sternberg calls Marlene Dietrich "Marlenchen," which is just like the Gretchen that the German directors call Garbo. Some of the make-up girls and



Groucho Marx introduces a new technique in football—"See Horsefeathers and bust."

hairdressers at the studio, who adore Dietrich because she is so kind and considerate of them, have adopted this quaint German expression. Director Von Sternberg is called "Midnight Joe" by the stage hands because the meticulous Josef has an unhappy habit of working everyone, Marlene included, far into the night. Tireless himself, he thinks everyone else is. Marlene's little daughter Maria calls her mother's director "Mr. Stern," which name is now going the rounds and will doubtless be added to the Von Sternberg repertoire.

Claudette Colbert's father called her "Cocotte," which is the equivalent of little darling in French, when the Colberts were living in France, but after they moved to New York the pet name was dropped because those dear, deluded Americans had the idea that "Cocotte" meant something like hussy.

Soon after Joby Ralston and Dick Arlen were married Joby started called Dick "Pa" and Dick in turn would call her "Ma." So now all the close friends of the Arlens shriek out for "Pa" and "Ma" when they drive up to the Arlen shack at Toluca Lake. And the sensationally popular Bing Crosby got his name when he was a little kid playing cowboy. Bing would ride up on his broomstick right into the midst of hundreds of buffaloes surrounded by millions of Indians and "bing, bing, bing" would go his improvised shotgun. So the folks just started calling him "Bing" and the name has stuck like heels in a tar road. Bing's real name is Harry, in case you didn't know. Wallace Beery sort of chucked off his boyhood name when he grew up but the old timers still call him "Jumbo"—which, methinks, is far more suited to the masculine Beery than Wallie.

Did you know that Jack Oakie is Jack Oakie's nickname? The red-headed, freckled-faced youth was named Offield when he lived way down yonder in Oklahoma. When he went to New York he just couldn't see that town for a cloud of dust and to anybody who would listen he'd talk for hours all about the wonders of Oklahoma. So the boys and girls started calling him "Okie" and when Jack got himself a job in a Broadway chorus he just up and took the name Jack Oakie. And it was the singing waiters out at Coney Island who started calling Jimmy Durante "Schnozzle," and began the glorification of the world's most famous beak. The kids in Cadiz, Ohio, called Mrs. Gable's square-headed little boy "Dutch," and while the dark and swarthy Clark Gable may be your Big Moment, back in Cadiz they still talk of how "Dutch" got the breaks.

One of the best liked gals in Hollywood is Thelma Todd, who has more pet names than a centipede has legs, but the choicest one of all I think is "Hot Toddy," which is a bracer-up if there ever was a bracer-upper. When a party is simply dying on its feet enter "Hot Toddy" and immediately the fun begins. What would you give for a name and reputation like that?

"La Swanson" tells more about Gloria than a page of character analysis. Oh, make it a book if you like. And nothing could better convey the peculiar characteristic of Clara Bow than the pet name of the "It Girl."

And isn't it funny how you like a person so much better as soon as you learn that they have a nickname? Even if it is only a contraction, a derivative or a whatnot of their own name. An editor once said that he liked Tallulah Bankhead much better after he found out that her friends call her Talloo. No wonder all the Johns want to be Jack, and the Williams, Bill, and the Richards, Dick, and the Roberts, Bob. Oh, my—if you haven't got a pet name these days you're only just another girl—just "Dearie" today and forgotten tomorrow.

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Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
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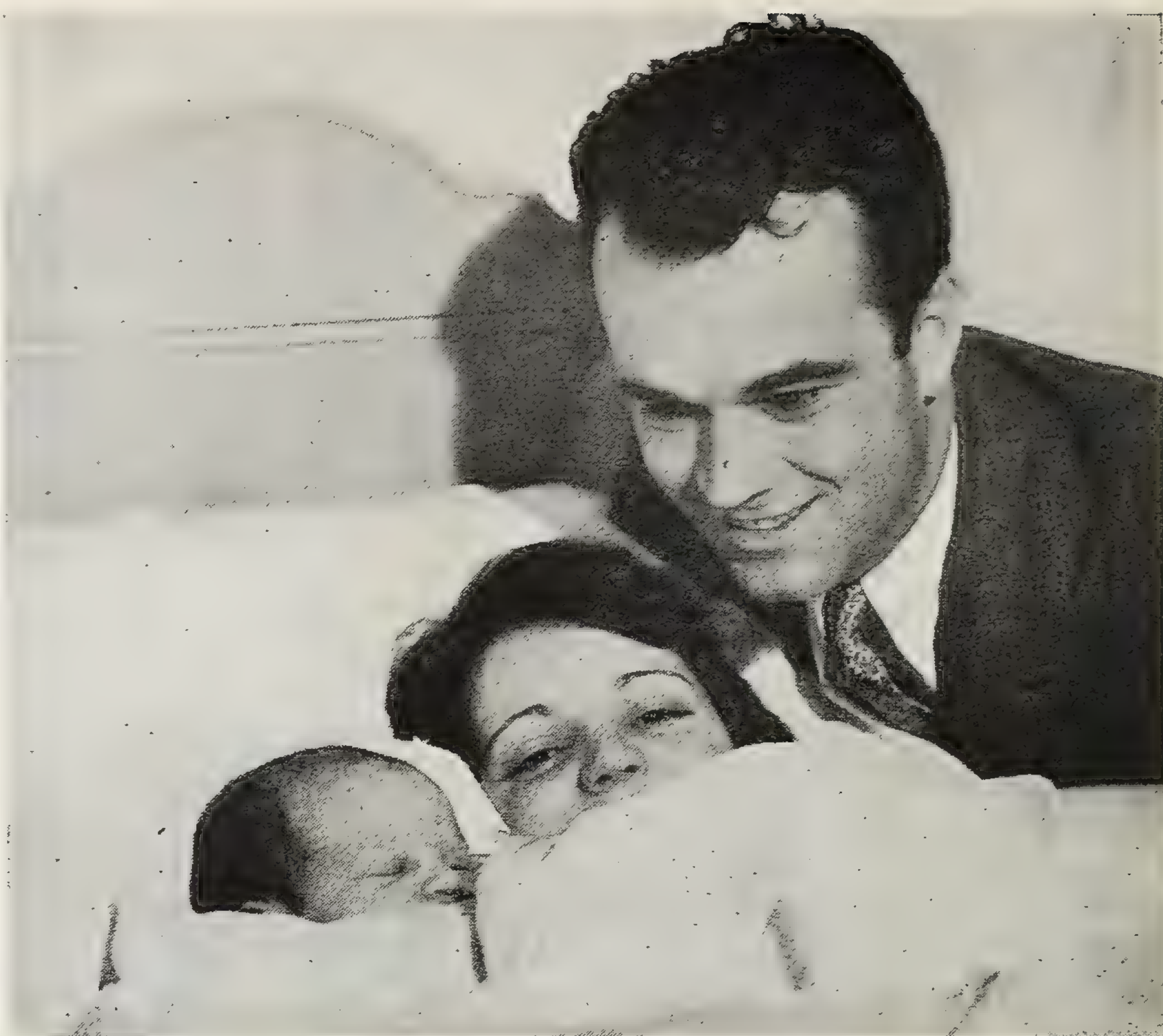
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MOVIE STORIES

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WIDE WORLD

Sue Carol's baby is a seven pound girl, and isn't Papa Nick Stuart proud! Her birthday was July 19th, and in the picture she is only twelve hours old.

The Divine Gift

[Continued from page 21]

weeks during those six years as an extra—hardships that no success could wipe out of my memory. Like our 'psychic' dinner, one Christmas. My pal, Max, and I had a nickel between us. So we bought a bar of candy and cut it up into lots of little pieces. We had the grandest dinner. Cocktails, soup, the biggest bits for the meat course and vegetables, and so on, even to a sip of liqueur after our coffee."

Having had such an experience of my own, via peanut-butter and crackers and imagination, I could see the pathos of that scene which awkward Andy tried to hide under a facetious humor.

"Such a delightful conversation we had, too!" he exclaimed. "Dinner lasted an hour and a half."

"And how did you feel when you got through?"

"Gorged!"

"I never started out to be an actor, anyhow," Andy went on after a moment's pause. "Was just walking along the street, looking for a job, when a fellow hailed me. He had noticed my college sweater I was wearing and said they needed husky kids for 'The Collegians' series, the ones that starred George Lewis, remember? A job was a job, I figured. I had fooled around with amateur theatricals for a good time, so it wasn't hard to get adapted, though I was sheepish about the make-up."

"I'm glad that now they let me go through most of my scenes without any. The profile boys get the glory, but guys like me, we have the fun."

For six years Andy pounded the movie gates with those ham-like fists, and not a board cracked. Wearily, he gave up, and got a job as life-guard at the beach. Rescuing crazy kids who ventured out too far, or frightened women who got their

ears full of water and thought they were drowned, and patrolling the sands in his duty of admonishing people for leaving tin-can rubbish around and being bawled out for it, his thoughts were gloomy at times.

Incidentally, he saved lives. But ask him about *that* and he shifts nervously, or else just stares out the window, looking uncomfortable.

He had given up all thoughts of pictures when Universal called him for "The Spirit of Notre Dame." Even the lead in a serial which had preceded it had brought, apparently, no sequel.

"But one's faith is justified," he said, with a sort of sheepish grin. "Not often just when you think it should be, or in exactly the way you ask, but a little later, a little differently. And, always, *better*."

"Take this voice of mine, for instance."

(It is more than half of Andy's screen appeal. Deep and drawly—individual, unique). "Well, I thought when the talkies came in it was that which was holding me back. My faith that it would be made different, somehow—by a miracle, I guess I expected—seemed not to have been answered. Yet now they're saying that my voice is what caught on, finally."

"I don't care much what they give me to do so they let me be natural. I can't act. I mean, register *this*, express *that*."

Andy's big face went through painful contortions, while his broad chest heaved, as he tried to show me what he *couldn't* do.

He has been loaned to Paramount for "The Man from Yesterday," and is proud of his quick friendship with Clive Brook, who is supposed to be "Englishy" reserved.

"I just want to be a success. And stay one. I mean, when you bum around trying to get somewhere for six years, you feel such

a lot of time has been wasted. If you give up it means starting at the bottom of something else with kids just out of college."

Andy, in his twenties, talking like a middle-aged failure!

He has been living down at the beach with friends, spending week-ends and time between pictures on a boat with two pals. Recently, however, he rented a little house in the hills and is busy fixing it up with Navajo rugs "and Indian things."

"My editor said for you to be amusing, Andy," I remarked, sternly.

"Wise-crack?" Alarm spread over his rugged, open face, across which the weather of his emotions surges as obviously as do sun and wind upon the prairies. "Oh, sa-ay, I can't. I'm not funny."

No words of mine can capture the things that his slow, deep voice does so unexpectedly. Yet they color his conversation as humorously as his screen dialogue.

"I want to do comedy, but I've got to have story. And lines. With this face, it ought to be a cinch. I can't be humorous myself, though."

The poor dear seemed so worried about it, so anxious to please yet so utterly lost, that I decided to fire the editor and let Andy stay natural. I really felt that I should give him a consoling pet, but refrained.

Andy once ran a boat from the mainland to the lighthouses along the Alaskan coast. While he ate radishes, the *spaghet* having slid on its way, he told me about it.

"Well, there was a girl in the case. I mean—anyway, the family thought a change of scenery would be good for me and said I could go anywhere I liked. So I picked Alaska. Stayed there for almost a year."

Though deeply grateful to the studio, Andy quite unintentionally does worry the folks out there. He stalls interviews as long as he can.

During our luncheon, the 'phone rang. When she heard my voice, and pictured me sitting here awaiting an errant Andy, publicity Mary's voice was shocked: "Hasn't that boy shown up yet? I just called to make certain that *for once*—"

"Everything is all right," I soothed. "He's eating."

"Oh, you're feeding him?" How relieved she sounded. "Be nice to Andy. He's really quite a dear. He's the publicity department's pet."

"Mary?" He was all one large expectant grin and deep chuckle. "I give her a lot of bother. I don't *mean* to. She's swell. But interviews just scare me into fits."

We talked of the Fathers of Santa Clara, where he had studied some and played football more, of Arizona, of dogs, of—oh, all the things that make up his rough and ready and kind world. Sports are his favorite pastimes—swimming, attending the fights. He likes to browse around the gyms on Main street and strike up friendships with all the pugilists and would-be fisticuffs.

"I—I couldn't stand to stay cooped up in Hollywood all the time." He fidgeted. "I'm no goldfish. I won't pretend, I *will* be myself. Still there are certain things here . . . a routine of manner. It cramps me."

"There's everything in this town, but you mustn't take any of it too seriously." That sums up all the philosophy that I could drag out of him. "I mean, they fill you with vague promises or else don't notice you at all one year, and the next they back-slap you. There's a comradely spirit, though. I like it. The big folks are usually sincere. And everybody's always good-humored. You seldom see any one surly."

"It's most interesting work. You learn so many things. In any other job, you acquire facts and experience that just have to do with that one thing. In pictures,

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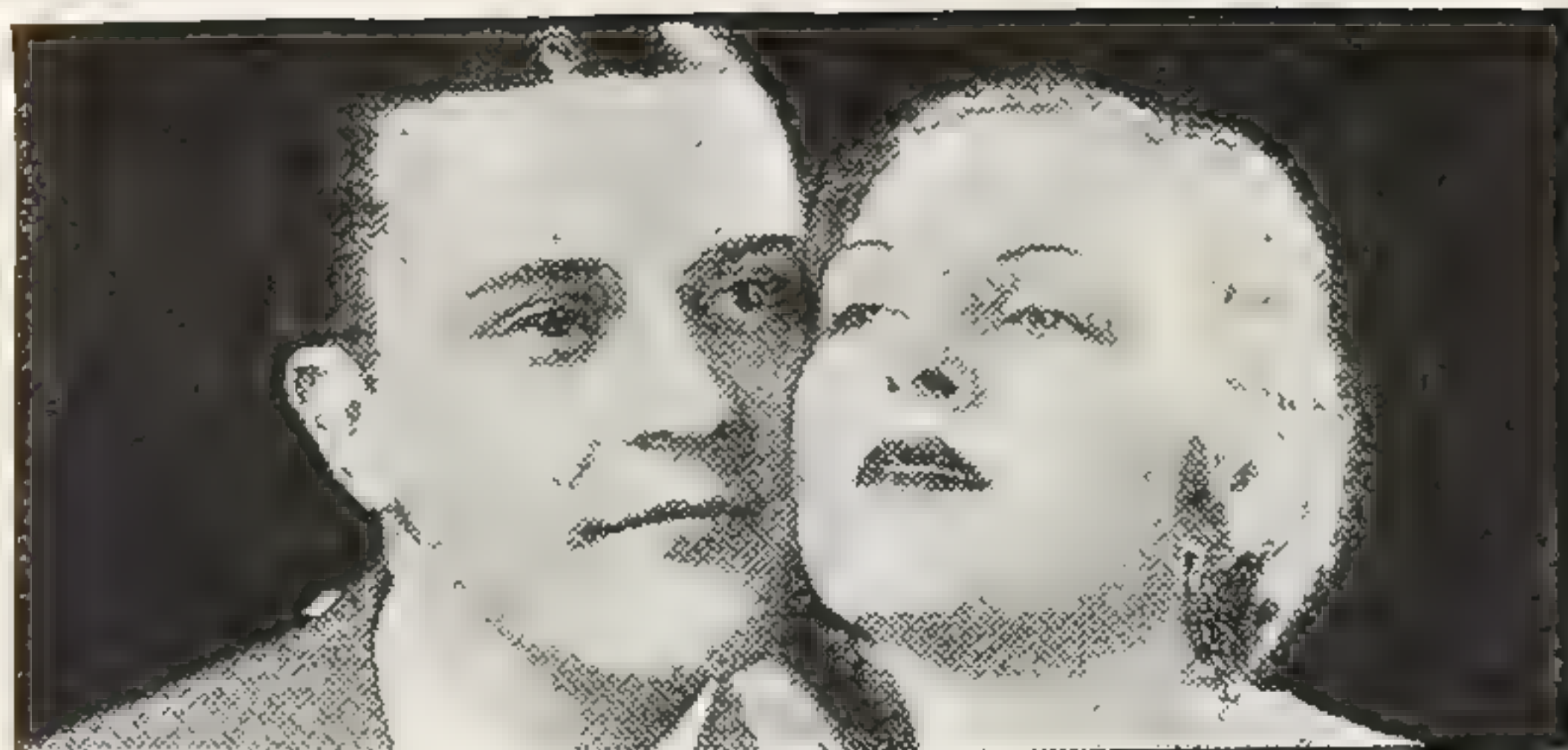
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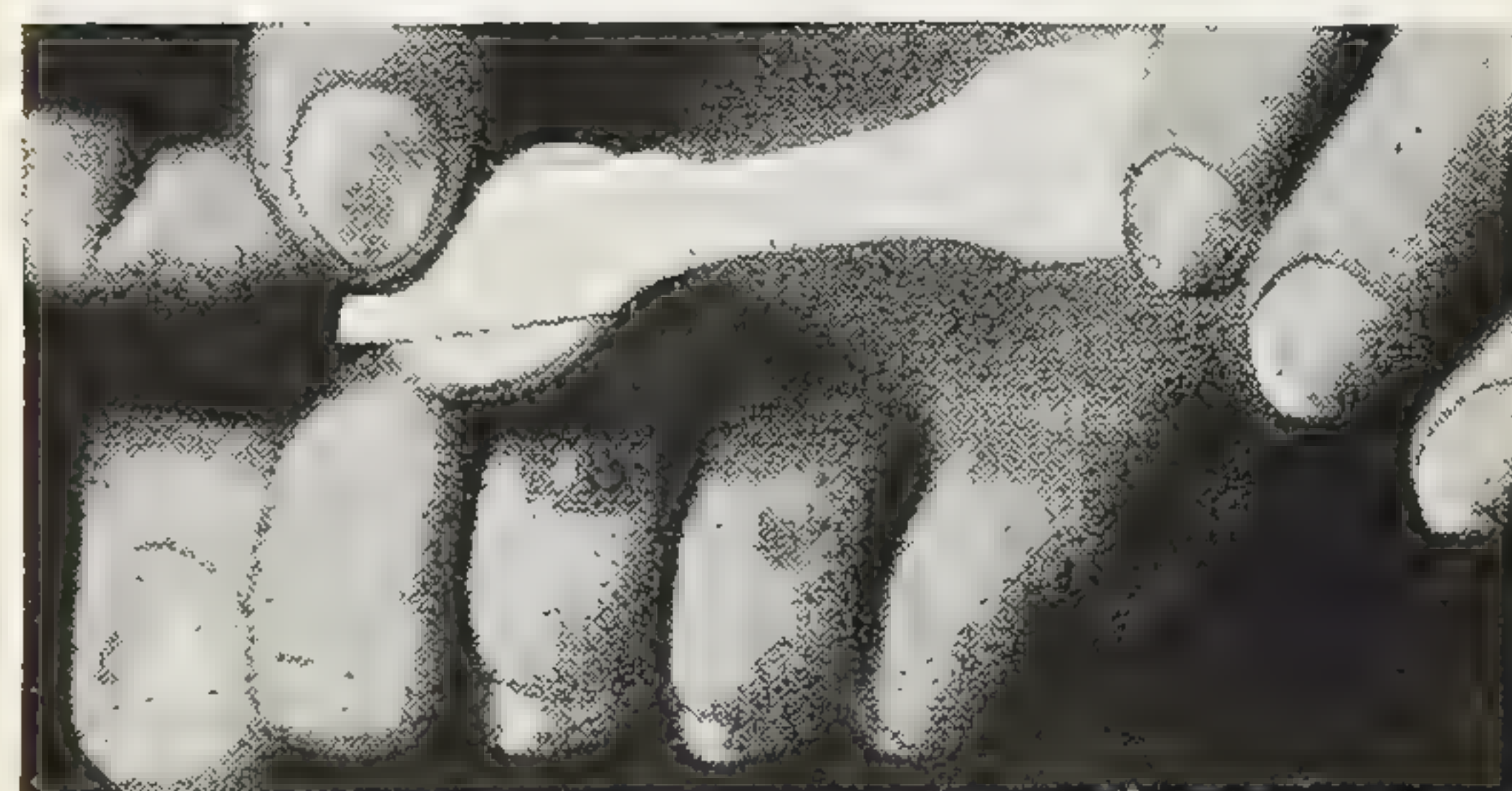
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WIDE WORLD

What did Jimmy Durante say to Mary Pickford—who nose? Mary came to the "Strange Interlude" opening in Hollywood (she flew back from New York to be there) with Gary Cooper, the lion among lion hunters.

why, every day it's something new. Technicians explain all about the setting—mining, maybe, or boats, foreign customs, history."

Andy was born in Flagstaff, where his father owned a hotel. "Plain shanty-Irish," he insisted.

Only Arizona could breed him—vast spaces, an inarticulate but active strength, a genuine simplicity of manner that feels and talks straight. The paths of subtlety are not for him, nor those of artificial maneuver or display. Andy is as is. Like him or leave him.

Frankly he tells of how he had to borrow money from Universal, after the completion of the football picture which made him a "name," in order to fly to Detroit to see his mother, who was dying.

"She lived with my brother. He's married there. I'm the youngest. He was all settled, but she worried so about me. One day she was so much better that the Sister nurse let us take her out to see the picture. Was she thrilled? That," Andy looked out, across the street into space, "was my *real* success. It will stand out in memory as my greatest. For it was the materialization of her dreams.

"Afterwards, she said, 'Tom, you're all fixed, and now Andrew is established out in Hollywood. You're both successes. So I can feel that I have been a success, too.' Ten days later she had gone on to her rest."

We didn't talk for a few moments after that.

His father, sister and other brother had died some time back. So Andy has no relatives now except Tom, whose wife, by the way, recently made Andy an uncle. The wire read: "It's a boy. Mother fine. Father intoxicated. Love from all." Andy repeated that telegram with much relish.

"Gee, they're a swell couple. Me? No—nope, no marrying for me."

"Andy," I grew severe, "some little baby-

doll will come along and goo at you and you'll be *so* sunk—"

"May-be," he admitted, grudgingly.

"Hollywood girls?" he repeated, reaching for another radish. "I think they're swell. Some people call them hard and artificial. Listen, this is a tough game. It takes grit and courage. Call them gallant, instead, will you? They're good little soldiers.

"If you folks only knew the hard times the extras have. Why, I could tell you—but what's the use? I mean, the supply over-balances the demand, so I guess it can't be helped. I'm always for the fellow who's trying to get ahead, though."

Andy's favorite players are Wally Beery and Regis Toomey, Helen Hayes and Una Merkel.

The hours slipped by, while I descended into the Grand Canyon with Andy—a trip that enlivened one of his summer vacations from college—and bailed water out of the boat while he did things to a stalled engine, so that we finally reached the lighthouse near Ketchikan, Alaska, safely, and played a football game.

In fact, we had some thrilling times that afternoon, due to Andy's reminiscences. We still sat hunched over the little yellow table, with my Witzie curled asleep at our feet.

But tempus had fugited. And so had all the radishes.

After a hearty invitation to dine with him in his new domicile, he said, with a broad grin and a relieved sigh: "Gosh, this has been swell. It has taken the fear of interviews out of me. I mean—"

And Andy was off down the street in his "first success," the Ford.

I mean, he's a grand guy.

Andy, I thought, hitch-hiking his way on to success by means of each good rôle that comes along, dreaming of no definite goal other than going on and up, and making friends on each corner.

Lucky Wilson

[Continued from page 20]

sent for her father, brother, mother and six cousins and blah, blah, blah."

But when I met Dorothy, I found that there was something wrong with my story. In fact, about the only thing I had right was the part where the beautiful young girl is asked to take a test and wins the coveted rôle. For I soon found that Dorothy isn't bewildered by her sudden rise to fame or the continual round of studio activity. And she hasn't gone "arty," or isn't thinking about "her public" or anything else that you might forgive without condoning in a young girl who is suddenly pushed into the limelight as Dorothy has been. And she hasn't changed her mode of living in the slightest.

All good stories begin at the beginning, so I suppose I should start this one in Minneapolis, where Dorothy was born and reared, and tell all about how she used to be such a tomboy the neighbors whispered that she was bound to "end up wrong." And they were considerably surprised, after her father died, to have Dorothy work her way through High School and Business College and then become a stenographer. And a darned good one, too.

However, after she had worked a couple of years, Dorothy became restless. Felt as if she wasn't getting anywhere. And since young girls nowadays are subject to the same wanderlust fever that attacks young boys, she began to yearn to go some place else to do her "stenogging." She picked out Los Angeles.

Don't say there isn't anything in destiny after you hear what happened to Dorothy. When she came to Los Angeles she registered with an employment bureau and her first job was as a typist in the script department at RKO. No thought of working in pictures entered her head. Or, at least, if there had been a sneaking desire to work in pictures, it faded after she had worked in the script department a few weeks. She saw so many girls hanging hopefully or hopelessly, as their individual case might be, around the casting office. And she didn't need to be psychic to see that a large percent of them were living on next to nothing while they were waiting for their "break." It made her feel lucky to have a steady job at \$35 a week, doing work that she loved to do. There is satisfaction in doing any work well and Dorothy is an expert stenographer. Before I went in to lunch with her, I asked the head girl in the script department, what kind of typist Dorothy had been and she said: "One of our best."

Now, for the exciting part. This is where Dorothy's story really begins for me. One day, David O. Selznick, executive vice-president in charge of all RKO production, requested a copy of the "Fraternity House" script. (The title has been changed to "Age of Consent.") Dorothy took it in to him and Selznick saw in her the exact type of the girl in the story, which he was having much difficulty in casting.

He asked her if she was interested in acting. And she said she wasn't.

So he had to persuade her to take the test.

I asked her if she was excited when she made it.

"Not a bit," she laughed, "I didn't think anything would come of it. But I won't deny that I was excited when he phoned me to come down and sign a contract. Even then, I thought someone was kidding me, but I went back to the studio that evening. And there was the contract, and here I am."

I asked her if she had sent for her folks.

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"Haven't even thought of it," she assured me, "I don't want to bring any of them out unless I am sure I can take care of them. And you know what the picture business is: I might never get another part like this one."

And I didn't tell her what everyone, great and small, is saying about her on the lot and off it.

"Better than Gaynor." Now, ain't that sumpin'?

And Hollywood is saying that she has established a new school of acting. Which isn't so bad for a beginner. The school she has founded is one of naturalness. When Dorothy became the leading lady in "Age of Consent," she made no attempt to act. She merely felt that she was the girl in the story, and she did everything as she would have done if she had really been that girl. In other words, she was that rare specie, in Hollywood at least, "a natural."

She was wearing a blue rayon silk sports dress trimmed in white, with a little felt hat and white kid slippers, and she looked pretty enough to be a movie star and was dressed plainly enough to be a stenographer, when I met her.

I asked her if she had moved closer to the studio. Which was the nicest way I could think of asking whether she had rented a more pretentious apartment or not.

"Oh, no," she negated, "why should I? After all, a five-year contract such as I have, still leaves me up in the air. It simply bristles with options, so the minute I'm no good, I'll have to go back to the script department. If they'll take me back, I mean."

And still I couldn't bring myself to tell her that her future is assured. For that matter, nobody's future is secure in Hollywood. It won't do any harm to let her play safe a while longer. She'll find it out very soon, now. It surprises me that she hasn't already discovered that she is important. I'm telling you that Hollywood is making a real fuss over the girl, and they don't over every little Cinderella that comes along. I suppose it is because the story of the little girl who gets the big break is nothing new to Hollywood, and most of them have a way of slipping back into obscurity almost as suddenly as they come. But after you see "Age of Consent" you'll agree with me that it won't be Dorothy's fault if she doesn't stay on. She has something that wins you against your will.

The tip of her nose was peeling from sunburn the day we lunched together, and I asked her about it. She had spent Sunday at the beach. She swims, but not expertly, because she is still slightly afraid of the ocean. She hasn't any special boy friend, but chums around with several. She reads a great deal. She is fond of Alexander Dumas and Ursula Parrott. She loves to do parts like the one in "Age of Consent" because it reminds her of her school days. It hasn't been very long since she was a school girl. She says she is twenty years old, but the studio says eighteen, so I don't know whether it's a mistake, or because Dorothy has a yearning to seem grown-up. I suspect it is the latter. I imagine she doesn't like to be told how young she looks. You would guess her to be about sixteen. She has gray-blue eyes, gold-brown hair and she is very slender. I suppose petite would sound more Cinderella-like. But Dorothy isn't going to be called one very long after "Age of Consent" is released. Hollywood has already recognized her as a very capable actress.

She's a new type of Cinderella.

Let the clock strike and the pumpkin coach do what it likes—when the Prince finds the magic slippers Dorothy Wilson will be in them, and working enchantments on the box office—or I miss my guess.

Over Hollywood

[Continued from page 13]



The first picture marking the trend toward prison pictures is "Liberty Road"—with Richard Dix in chains.

Farrell and Joan Blondell will team up in "Central Park." An interesting thing about this picture is that it will be played on a single set all the way through. Whether or not that is a good idea you'll be able to decide for yourself—the set isn't built yet. It's an experiment, anyhow, and you see too few of those in Hollywood.

Joe E. Brown is working on "You Said a Mouthful," but even Joe himself doesn't know yet what the plot is going to be. Oh, well! Warren Williams is in makeup for "The Match King," a story supposedly based on the life of Ivar Kreuger, of Swedish match infamy.

And had you heard that Garbo lost pulchritude in the Kreuger crash?

WA-AL, stranger, let's see, now.

Old MGM, the studio with the funny habit of making good pictures, isn't doing so much either just now. A word about that may be in order. The public thinks of Hollywood as turning out pictures all year round. Really, it isn't done that way at all. Picture-making, though nobody seems to know exactly why, is a seasonal industry like farming. Pictures come in crops. During the summer months, for instance, the studios lie fallow. What do you think of that, fallow?

Anyhow—

"Smilin' Through" with Shearer, March, Howard and Forbes

YOU may recall this story, since it was one of the most beautiful pictures ever made in the old silent days.

For thirty years Sir John Cartaret (Leslie Howard) mourns his bride, Moonyeen, who was shot on their wedding night. His ward (Norma Shearer), Moonyeen's niece, who looks like her, is his one ray of happiness. The niece falls in love, of all people, with Kenneth Wayne (Fredric March), the son of the murderer. Sir John blasts their romance and forces them apart. But at the end he softens and lets them marry—and then, when he has opened his heart, Moonyeen keeps the promise she made the

night she lay dying in his arms. She comes back from the grave!

You can take it two ways, that ending. It may mean either that Sir John could only rediscover his old love by draining all the bitterness out of his heart, or that he really dies and meets his lost sweetheart that way. If people knew how happy they would be after death, the moral goes, they would go smilin' through all the years . . .

Howard and Little Cora Sue Collins

ODDLY enough, for a tender, lovely picture like this, the day I was on the set only funny things happened. The first thing was a scene in which Sir John's little ward, as a child, shows him her pretty new birthday dress. "I dot a new coat and a new hat," she babbles.

"Is that so?" Leslie Howard asks fondly. "Show them to me."

"And I dot new panties—with pleats in them."

The little girl hoists her skirts over her head to show off the panties. The script calls for Leslie to show the shocked horror of a conservative English gentleman. The joker was—unless I miss my guess—that he didn't have to act. He certainly looked shocked, if I ever saw anyone!

The child is little Cora Sue Collins. If you saw a Slim Summerville-Zasu Pitts comedy called "Unexpected Father," or something like that, you will remember who she is. She's only a baby, but how she can act! She loves it. They can hardly keep her away from the cameras. When she finishes one scene she wants to go right in and do another, script or no script. She takes far less retakes than many an older star. All the director has to do is say, "Listen, darling, in this shot you say so-and-so to Miss Shearer, and then you jump on Mr. Banks' lap and cry," and she does the whole thing, with hardly a rehearsal. She's been acting, around the house, since before she could talk, her mother says. I wonder what she'll be twenty years from now? Will she still be acting, or is her gift one that she will lose when she begins

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to grow up? Right now she's a born actress if ever you saw one!

The other funny thing came when we all went out on the back lot to take an exterior shot. They got the guns and mikes all lined up, and called the principals on the set, and just about that time a frantic monitor man charged in, tearing his hair.

"I can't hear a word you're saying," he yelled. "There's a cricket around here somewhere."

One husky cricket, amplified by the vacuum tubes, sounds like the fiddle section of the whole Academy of Music if it gets recorded on the film. And have you ever tried to find a cricket in the grass? The way they managed it, finally, was darned clever. The monitor man listened, in his head-phones—known to the profession as "cans"—while the mike crew swung their sensitive doodlingus back and forth over the ground. When the noise got loudest in the monitor man's ears—presto! they knew they were near the cricket. Then the whole bunch, everyone from highest to lowest, got down on their hands and knees and went after the villain. You'd have thought Mrs. Morganleigh Wallanby had lost her jewels! They finally found the little pest and locked him up in a make-up box or something until the scene was done, when they let him go back to play—that's cricket.

Jackie Cooper and the Prop Box

JACKIE COOPER, Conrad Nagel, and Lois Wilson are making "Father and Sons," a picture written by the college-student son of one of the studio execs. I tried to get Jackie to say a word or so to you, but he was hanging with his head in the prop box. Lois said he had been hanging there for three days.

A prop box, you know, is the chest in which the prop man keeps all his gadgets. It has tools, candles, knives, guns, books, wire, and Heaven knows what-all in it. Jackie thought he was in Paradise. Never had he seen so many things to play with crammed into such small space. Whenever they wanted him for a take they didn't have to hunt for him, as they usually do. All they had to do was go and lift him out of the prop box.

He is probably there yet.

In the story, Lewis Stone is an archaeologist who goes down mine-shafts looking for things. There's a real mine shaft dug on the studio lot, and Jackie thought that it was pretty fine too. Lewis Stone looks for fossils, and this makes his wife decide that he's an old fossil himself. She divorces him and marries another man, and the picture shows the result of the divorce on Jackie, torn between love of his mother and father.

The Barrymores in "Rasputin"

HERE we have Ethel Barrymore as the Empress of all the Russias. (Empress of all the Russes, too, so far, they tell me), Lionel as the mad monk who rules the empire, and John as the Grand Duke. Ralph Morgan, who plays the Czar, looks so much like the real one that it gives you the shivers. Natalie Bucknall, the head of the studio research department, said that her hair stood up on end when she first got a glimpse of him—and she is a woman who once knew the real czar. "He even has the same sad look in his eyes," she says. Natalie is supervising the gorgeous Imperial Palace sets, practically solid with gold leaf, so you can be sure they're right.

Page Natalie Bucknall

THE picture is only starting, so there isn't much I can tell you about it, and this gives me a swell chance to tell you about Natalie Bucknall. She's pretty, and

blonde—she looks English—and you'd say she was just one more nice girl. Yet what she has gone through! Nathalie—she spells her name in the European way—was a college girl in Petrograd when war broke out. She served as a nurse on a hospital train that was bombed daily, she fought in the Women's Battalion of Death, she carried information through the Bolshevik lines in the Revolution when she knew she would be instantly shot if they caught her, she served in the English Secret Service, she has every medal, almost, that has ever been minted. And she looks about sixteen years old now, with soft fluffy hair and big cornflower-blue eyes. Whew! These people you meet in Hollywood certainly take your breath away!

Buster Keaton in Academic Mood

"SPEAK EASILY" is the comedy from the Satevepost story, with the Hon. Buster Keaton as a college professor who lectures on ancient musical instruments and gives demonstrations in class. He inherits a fortune, comes to New York, and gets tangled up with show-girls to the extent that he finally ends up as a theatrical producer. Figuring that only real-life stage directors know how to tear their hair properly, the studio has hired Sidney Toler, a real one from New York, to take that part in the picture. You will also see Schnozzle Durante in knee pants, which add nothing whatsoever to his beauty. But in the picture Schnozzle also plays p'nana. You may have forgotten that Jimmy originally got into pictures not because of his nose but because of his piano-playing. Wait'll you hear him go!

Bela Lugosi and Eddie Lowe

AS "CHANDU, the Magician," Bela Lugosi is a fiend again. This time he tortures an inventor, and the inventor's family, just by way of doing a complete job—to learn the secret of a death-ray which that gent has just devised. Eddie Lowe, who has been an army officer in India and picked up some of the mystic abilities of



Irene Ware and Edmund Lowe under a control of Oriental mysticism.

Yoga, plots against him for the sake of God, England, and a rather weak story.

But Irene Ware and June Vasek are both so beautiful that you ought to go away feeling well satisfied.

The picture is just starting so I can't tell you much about it.

No other companies working on the Fox lot right now so we'll trek elsewhere.

Lee Tracy as the "Night Mayor"

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You've probably heard over and over again that this is not to be a picture about Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. The question naturally arises, "Then who is it about?" And the answer, ladies and gents, is "It's about Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York."

Lee is Jimmy. With a thug for a butler and a fat shyster (Eugene Pallette, now in his 21st year of Hollywood) for a manager, he rises to political power. The affairs of the city are in a scandalous mess, but he is late to appointments, breaks out of conference to dance with blondes, and saves his neck at the last minute by giving the crowd something flashy to stare at.

Actual shots of the real Jimmy marching at the head of the "We Want Beer" parade are cut in. One of the blonde chorus cuties has his number on her, it seems, for he falls like a ton of bricks. Pallette gets rid of her by the old gag of telling her that she mustn't spoil the career of the man she loves, and as the picture ends we see the Night Mayor, debonair and smiling as always, the city affairs still in a mess, cheered as he marches down Broadway at the head of another beerade.

Columbia and the other independents are turning out the best pictures in Hollywood lately, and you ought to like this one. Lee Tracy got canned from Warner Brothers. One camp says it was because he was playing all the time. The other camp says that all the stories of his wild partying were started by the executive who fired him, to cover up the horrible mistake he made. Whichever tale is true, that was certainly a mistake. This boy is a panic! But don't worry. No studio can afford to pass up a money-making laddie like Lee. You'll be seeing him!

SOUND stages at Paramount are simply sardined, these days, with about seven pictures going and coming. Marlene Dietrich and the Marx Brothers are finishing up (not in the same picture!) and three big new features have begun all at once. These are "The Big Broadcast," "A Farewell to Arms," and "The Phantom President."

"The Big Broadcast" with Crosby, Lopez, Kate Smith, Stuart Erwin and Leila Hyams

THIS is a radio fan's dream. Look at the headliners working in it:

Bing Crosby, King of Crooners; Kate Smith, Queen of Crooners; Cab Calloway and his Sable Syncopators; Vincent Lopez and the Boswell Sisters, the Mills Brothers, Burns and Allen, and Arthur Tracy. Ain't that a dish? Stuart Erwin and Leila Hyams will handle most of the acting, but Bing is a runner-up. Bing is going to be acting instead of singing one of these days if he doesn't watch out, and if people just stop calling him a "crooner" he probably won't mind. He's not so hot for that title. Ask him!

"Still," he says, "I don't get mad any more when folks call me that, because I've found that the same ones who kid me usually insist that I croon their own favorite songs. Besides, when I 'croon' I merely sing softly and sentimentally, and a lot of songs are written to be sung just that way. So let 'em rave, as long as they still like me!"

Stu Erwin does a drunken scene in "The Big Broadcast" that is going to give all the other favorites some tough competition. It takes place in a cabaret (all right, a night club) and what a scrumptious set that is! Modernistic, with lots of angles and stripes in green, black, and silver. And tricky furniture. But most of all, bottles! Such beeyootiful bottles, all lined up behind a little circular bar that makes your mouth water. Ah, well . . . Stu comes into the night club to forget the curse of an aching heart.

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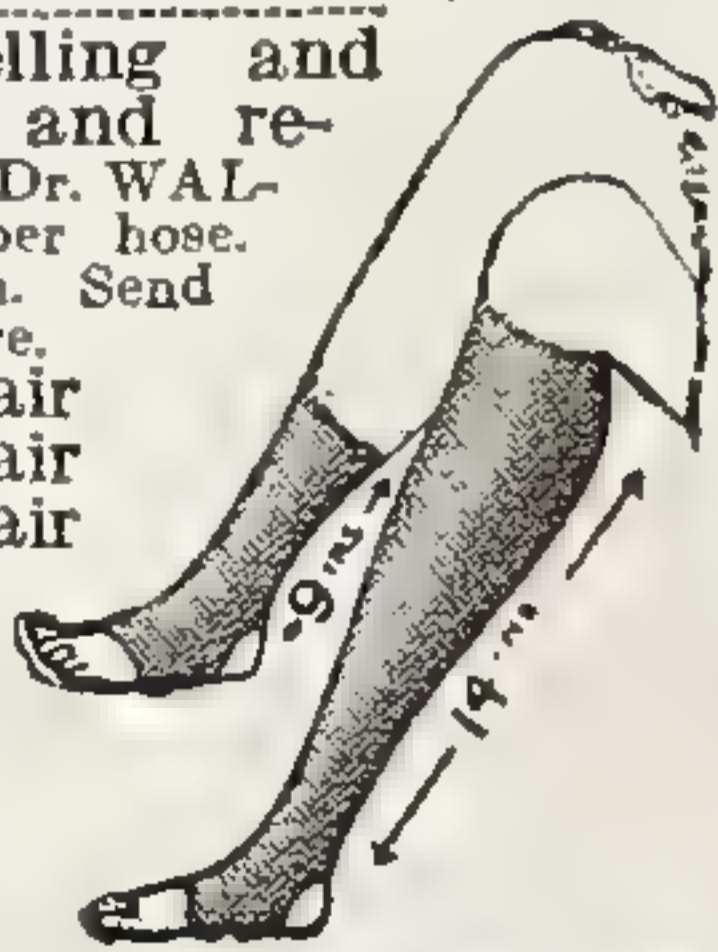
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"It's a li'l gal down in Texas," he blubbers. "She done me dirt... Gimme s'more beer-beer."

Big tears roll down his cheeks, and you forget the eye-dropper and glycerine bottle from whence they came because Stu looks so darn sad. Me, I'm sad too, because there are twenty pretty gals sitting in their backless best at those modernistic tables, and every one of 'em has her eye on Bing Crosby. Let's go find us a nice tragedy!

Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Menjou

NOT far to go either, over to the "Farewell to Arms" set. They are just beginning work, and they've built an Italian palace to begin it in. Of course the palace has been slightly remodeled into a canteen for Italian soldiers, who probably have delusions of grandeur when they see all the marble and tapestry and statuary. And again, doggone it, there are bottles, and they're even prettier than the last ones. Is the sun hotter, or am I just imagining things?

You remember that the story of "A Farewell to Arms" was a sad one, about a love affair which ends in tragedy for the lovers, the American officer and English nurse? Of course you do, but I believe I can whisper that they are going to put a happy ending on the picture. I can't be certain of it, yet, but I overheard a conversation between Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes, and Adolphe Menjou, stars of the picture, and I got that idea. I'll probably suffer the fate of an eavesdropper and discover that the ending is going to be even sadder than before!

George M. Cohan in a Political Opus with **Schnozzle**

NOW if we leap over to Stage 5 we can beat the election returns, because over there they've elected "The Phantom President" already. Paramount has gone political on this one. Politics, George M. Cohan, and Jimmy Schnozzle Durante are three things that mean comedy. Almost too much comedy for the poor hard-working director. Cohan is still a bit camera-shy, and every time he muffs a line he does a little dance offstage to quiet his nerves. Schnozzle is just being himself, and that's enough strain on anyone's ribs!

The story of "The Phantom President" is a honey, especially when elections are coming on. It's about a big business man who is selected by a certain "Big Four" as presidential candidate. And then, when an ex-President's daughter with political power says thumbs down on the business man as a husband, his backers realize that he is much too cold and colorless ever to be elected. Their problem is to find a double for their candidate, and they finally locate one in a traveling medicine-show "doctor." George M. Cohan plays this dual rôle, and Jimmy Durante is the show's barker, who follows his boss into politics. The "Doctor" is full enough of hot air to insure his popularity, and when he and his ex-barker go barnstorming, the latter is planted in every audience and is always first with "a cheer for our next President." A great trick, and it sounds almost too good not to be true!

There's another Paramount picture I'd like to tell you about, and it's their own fault that I can't do it. The picture is Dietrich's "The Blonde Venus" and Paramount garboed the works by refusing to let me on the set. So if you don't go to see their old picture-show they can't blame me!

Clever Lew Ayres does a **Winchell**

UNIVERSAL CITY lies in the Valley of Bounding Heat-Waves along with RKO's prison camp, but I chilled a chill over there anyhow. How would you like to wander into a dark, silent, mysterious sound stage and hear someone whisper hoarsely, "I killed him!"

I'll bet you'd jump as high and shiver as much as I did. And did I turn pink when they turned on the lights and I saw a lot of extras giggling at me! What I had heard was Lew Ayres rehearsing a line for "O. K., United States!"

As you probably guess from its title, this picture will be about radio broadcasting as she is done by Walter Winchell. Lew Ayres is the Winchell, even if they have named him "Larry Wing" in the script, and Lew has done a masterpiece in copying his master's voice. The set is a duplicate of any great broadcasting studio, from sound-proof hangings on the wall to a ten-piece jazz orchestra parked in one corner.



Leila Hyams brings smiles to Bing Crosby's face. He is so used to being alone with the microphone.



ZaSu Pitts puts over "Once In A Lifetime."

This boy known as Lew is becoming a pretty darn good actor these days, and I don't mean maybe. Listen to this! While I was on the set he had to do a short scene all by himself, with only a few preliminary words from the director to help him. Did he handle that scene or no? Well—when he finished his lines there was an audible gasp from the extras, cameramen, and prop-boys alike, and the grips started hauling lights and cameras away without a word of command. That's how sure they were that Lew's scene needed no retakes!

On the Side-lines

NOT much work was going on when I was on the set, but I bumped into one kid who was in clover, if not in heaven. And no wonder, when he had just done what's supposed to be impossible. A movie-struck boy from Chicago, he had just walked through the studio's front door and onto the set, and not a soul had asked him to show his pass, or even questioned him! What a man! When I talked to him his grin was a mile wide because he had just spoken to Lew Ayres himself.

"Gee!" he chortled, "won't the folks back home turn green when I tell 'em?"

I wonder what color he was himself when he tried to get out of the studio without a pass? But it's the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, and he probably landed in the gutter cheerfully.

And speaking of "Once In a Lifetime," Universal is making that picture over on Stage 12, and it's going to be a screamie! In case you haven't read the play or seen it, it's a very funny and a very dirty dig at the Hollywood movie moguls. And rumor says that it was written with one eye on Universal Studios. If rumor is correct the studio must be taking the bull by the horns, for production of the story is well under way.

Goofy Jack Oakie

JACK OAKIE is cast as the dumbbell who becomes Big Guy in a great studio by way of a lot of goofy mistakes. Remember the dumbbell's passion for chewing pine nuts, and how his crunching was recorded on the sound track along with a picture he was making? And do you remember how the critics called the strange noise "An atmospheric masterpiece which symbolizes the rhythm of the jungle?" Well, it's all to be in the picture, and if you don't roll in the aisles when you see it, they must be awfully narrow! You'll love to see Jack throwing kisses at his own life-size pictures, hung all over the walls of "Colossal Pictures, Inc." And—well, you'll see the rest for yourself!

Stick around—I'll be seeing you next month.

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Garbo

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IT IS, we are sure, impossible to be great part of the time and revert to common-placeness the rest of the time. Greatness is built in, and a great person can never be caught off guard. When Garbo passed through New York on her vacation to her homeland, she permitted the press photographers to take her picture. The result is a delightful proof of our theory. Garbo is such an actress that her every thought pulls and tugs at the muscles of her face, and it is beyond her to conceal her emotional nature. Look at the photograph which the hounds of the press took of Garbo. You will see that she did not want to pose. (That settles for all time the insinuation that her hiding is a publicity gesture.) She makes herself face the cameras. See her clenched hand and defensively bent elbow. There is no ease to her figure. The most graceful woman in the world is cut and nervous. The disdain of her mouth fairly screams "Who says I dare not pose?" The out-thrust jaw is a lesson to anyone who thinks that bashfulness and timidity mean weakness, for they do not. Garbo could no more think of smiling than she could of whimpering, yet she has posed for hundreds of portraits and knows the value of an ingratiating friendly smile.

Garbo is a great actress because her sensitive mind is emotional and these emotions she is able to convey to you. She is returning shortly to make more pictures.

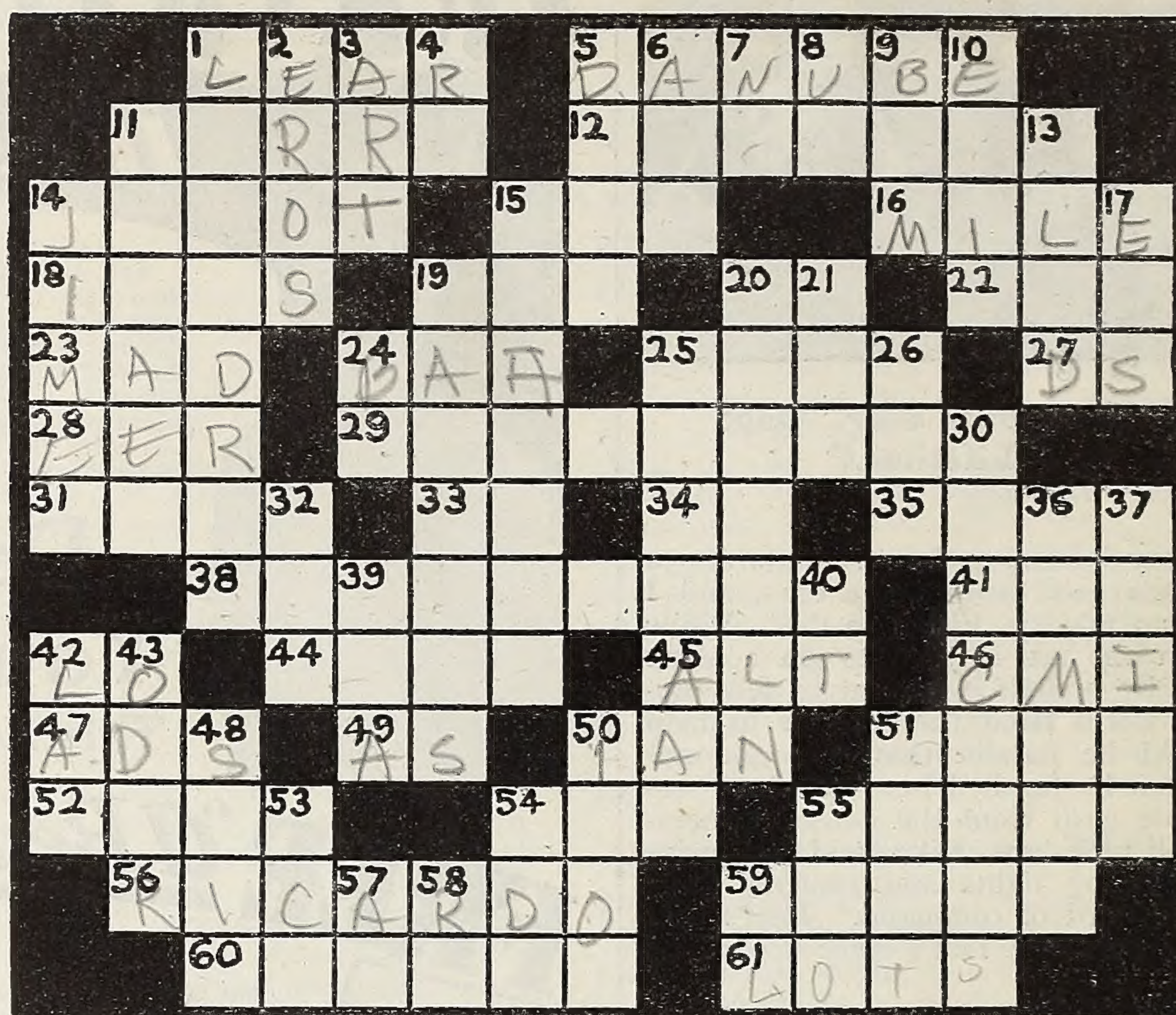
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We told you last month to get "State Fair" and read it, so that your evening at this picture will be the culmination of weeks of anticipation. Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Charlie Farrell, James Dunn, Sally Eilers and Robert Montgomery will be in the picture.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

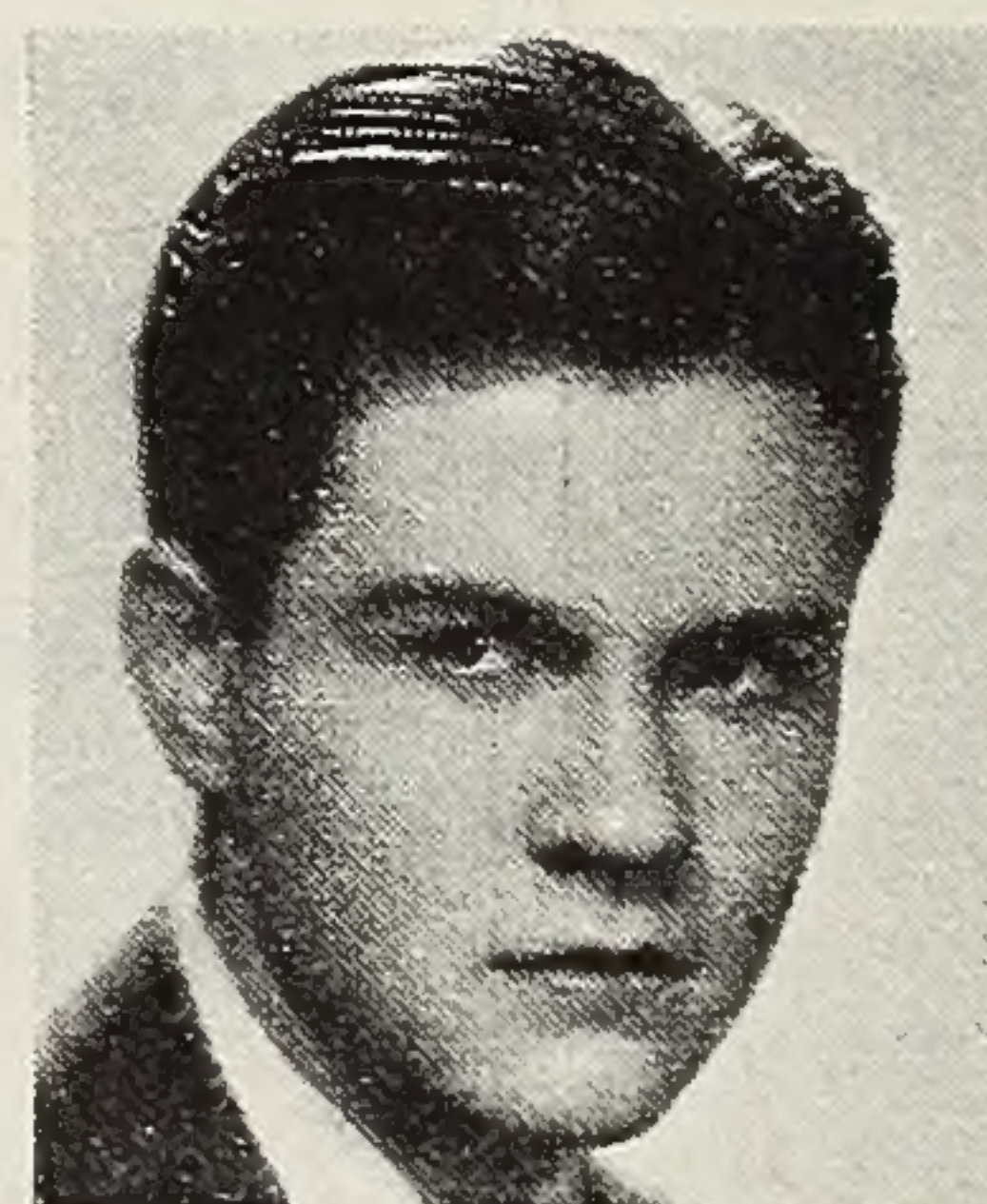
- 1 Shakespearian King
- 5 Music composers' favorite river
- 11 Last name of famous actress who played with Sir Henry Irving
- 12 He played in "The Expert"
- 14 A dress trimming
- 15 Every star has at least one
- 16 Seventeen hundred and sixty yards
- 18 Her latest picture is "Guilty as Hell"
- 19 To solicit
- 20 Her new picture will be "Those We Love" (initials)
- 22 A young actor on the Universal lot
- 23 Irrate
- 24 The bleat of sheep
- 25 Aspect
- 27 Bill Boyd's wife (initials)
- 28 Before
- 29 Name of actor in "Radio Patrol"
- 31 Secure
- 33 An English player in "Five Star Final" (initials)
- 34 His latest picture is "Tiger Shark" (initials)
- 35 Relative of the Barrymore family
- 38 She was the widow in "So Big"
- 41 A tree
- 42 Behold!
- 44 To verify
- 45 Altitude (abbr.)
- 46 Roman numerals for 901
- 47 Advertisements
- 49 Like
- 50 Suffix denoting a native or citizen of
- 51 Uproar
- 52 Her last picture was "A Woman Commands"
- 54 Hail!
- 55 Name of famous American frontiersman
- 56 Hero of "Is My Face Red?"
- 59 Arrogant
- 60 She is noted for her wonderful mother characterizations
- 61 Great quantities

DOWN

- 1 A player in "The Gay Diplomat"
- 2 God of Love
- 3 Skill
- 4 A subtle and amusing actor (initials)
- 5 Automobiles replaced it
- 6 Conflict
- 7 A former serial star (initials)
- 8 Negative
- 9 A tree
- 10 To revise
- 11 First name of Paramount actress
- 13 The odic force of electricity



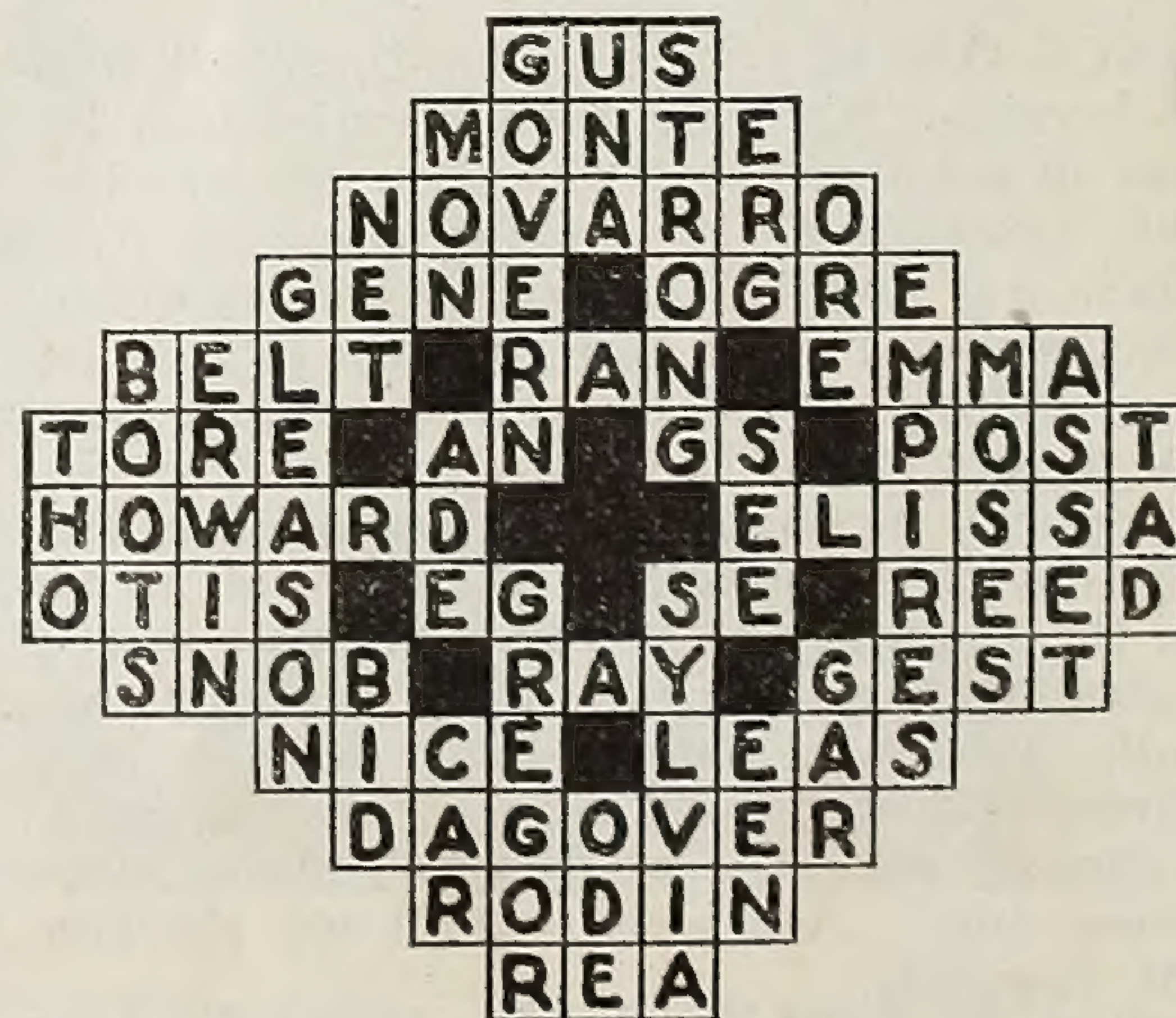
Precipitous



Erect

- 14 He could not have "dunn" better in "Society Girl"
- 15 To climb with difficulty
- 17 Printers' measures
- 19 They come Big and Wet out in Hollywood
- 20 A supernatural occurrence
- 21 Bustle
- 24 Ben Alexander (initials)
- 25 Marked with striae
- 26 Completion
- 30 Affable
- 32 Period of time
- 36 She will soon be seen in "Thirteen Women"
- 37 An actress in "The Widow from Chicago"
- 39 One of Harriet Beecher Stowe's characters
- 40 Clara Bow started it
- 42 To lick up
- 43 Stench
- 48 Nickname of comedian in soldier comedies
- 50 An Actor in M-G-M pictures
- 51 Basic
- 53 A unit
- 54 American Humorist
- 55 Brother (abbr.)
- 57 A suffix
- 58 She will soon be Mrs. George Brent (initials)
- 59 He hails from Budapest (initials)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this new fascinating way

forget all about "matching
your skin" and select shades
to match your costume

BY PATRICIA GORDON

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin*. The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds*. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. It does what no other lip rouge has ever done; colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible, permanent. You'll love it!

WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same*. You couldn't use *other shades* for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who

has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



A MAKE-UP KIT FOR ONLY 10c

● This famous introductory Kit contains rouge and lip rouge to last two weeks to a month; also a purse size, metal box of Princess Pat face powder and book of new copyrighted beauty secrets. The 10c is simply for postage and packing. An extraordinary offer; made to acquaint you with three delightful Princess Pat beauty aids.

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 205-A, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Send your famous Minute Make-up Kit containing rouge, lip rouge and face powder. I enclose 10c in full payment.

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City and State

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